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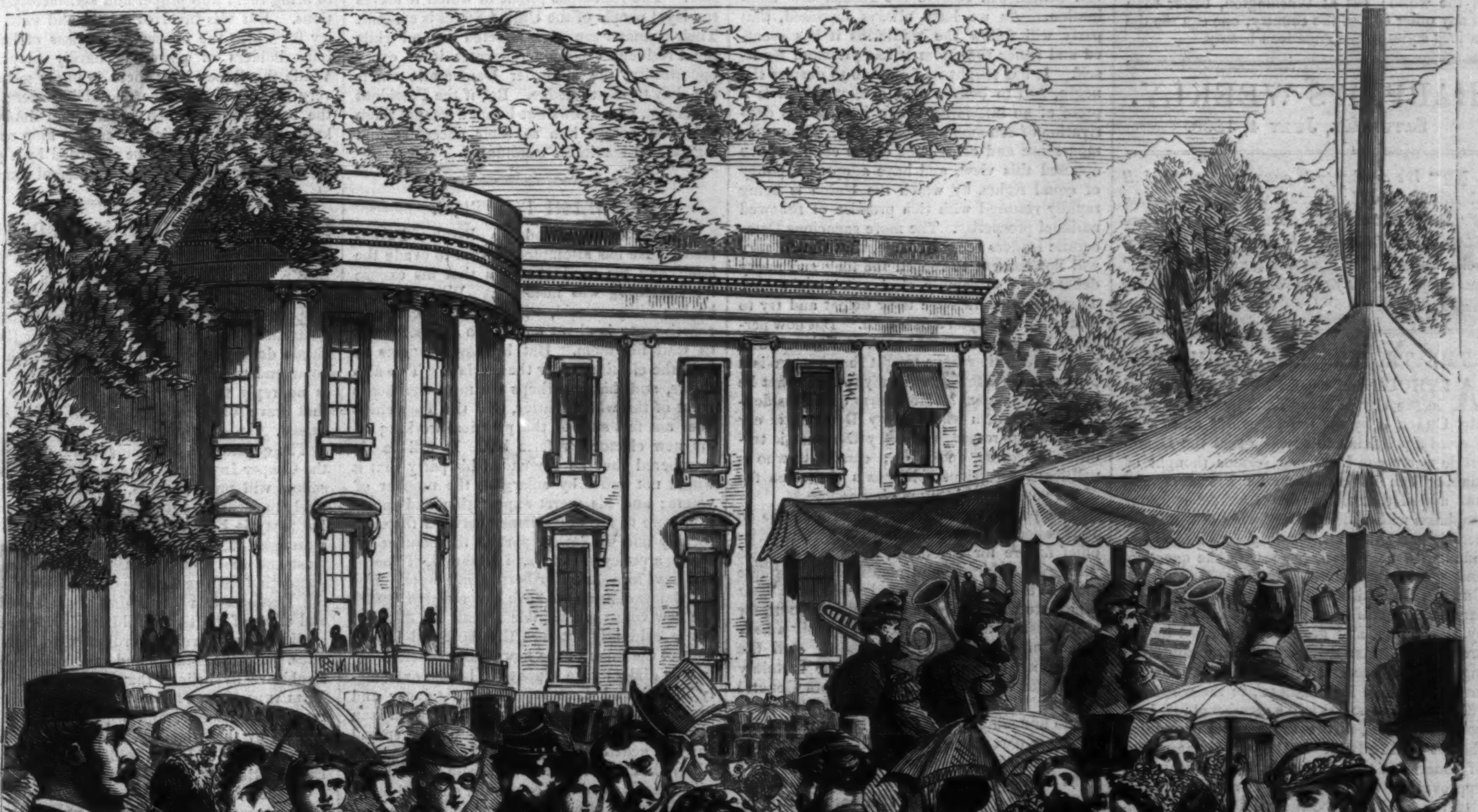


GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN JUNE.—[See next Page.]

MUSIC AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

One of the attractions of Washington during the summer—and the "City of Magnificent Distances" has few attractive features during the heated term—is the Saturday afternoon promenade in the grounds of the White House to the music of the Marine Band of the Navy Yard. It is a repetition of the scene which is to be witnessed every pleasant Saturday afternoon on the Mall at Central Park, but on a diminished scale. In character the crowds are about the same; that at the White House is perhaps a little less democratic, and a few notabilities can be occasionally picked out of the crowd, which is of course largely made up of the Department clerks of both sexes. As our very beautiful engraving on the preceding page indicates, the Army and Navy are always represented; while as companions to the Chivalry of the service may be found Beauty gathered from all parts of the country. It has often been remarked by foreigners that there are few public promenades in the world where so many and such varied types of beauty belonging to the same race can be found as on the White House grounds. Representative beauties of all nations gather in the parks and on the great promenades of Paris and London and New York, and other capitals of the world; but at Washington, better than in any other city of the country, one can see the various styles of the American beauty.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 4, 1868.

☞ *We are happy to announce that we shall shortly begin in* Harper's Bazar *the publication of* "The Sacristan's Household," *a new Love Story, richly Illustrated, by the Author of* "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," *etc., which can not fail to interest and delight the reader.*

THE TROUBLES OF TAMMANY.

ALTHOUGH the chief Democratic journal in the city of New York has stated that Mr. Chase is by far too sagacious and clear-sighted a politician to suppose that the Democratic party can have any serious thought of making him its candidate for President, and has added that the derisive, almost spurning emphasis with which a large wing of the Democratic party turn away from a candidate identified with negro suffrage settles the question, and proves that any further advocacy of Mr. Chase's claims is an idle waste of time, yet his candidacy is still most strongly privately urged by Democrats, and generally discussed by the press. Mr. Chase's well-known insatiable longing for a nomination, which led to the famous intrigue against Mr. Lincoln, in the winter of 1863–64, while he was still a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, favors the general impression that he would advance to the very farthest point of concession to the Democracy to secure the approval of the Tammany Convention. But that approval must be the result of Eastern influences, of which the *World* is the organ, and if they abandon him before the contest fairly begins his disappointment is certain.

In speaking of his candidacy some time since we suggested that it could be made practicable only by some compromise, and that the compromise must turn upon the vital point of the political controversy—equal suffrage. The Tammany reasoning we suppose to be of this kind: Mr. Chase is a well-known Republican, but circumstances have put him a little at odds with his party. He has had great influence with the best men of the party, however, and many of them hoped he would be their candidate. The Republican party is identified with the present policy of reconstruction, which in the Democratic view is a military usurpation. Mr. Chase stands for civil law against the military hand. We can not reverse the Republican policy, and if, conceding that, we agree to nominate Mr. Chase, who burns to be President, will he not agree in turn to become our candidate upon conditions practicable for us, namely—surrender of the negro to the Southern States, or, at least, silence upon the subject?

We presume this to have been the general view of those who sincerely wished for Mr. Chase's nomination. They were sure that he would be willing to pay a very high price for the Presidency. They hoped that he would consent to equivocate, at least, in regard to the negro. But his letter of the 25th of May, in which he says: "It would, however, gratify me exceedingly if the Democratic party would take ground which would assure the party against all attempts to subvert the principle of universal suffrage established in eight, and to be established in all of the Southern Constitutions," was a plain declaration that he wished the Democratic party in the Southern States to favor universal suffrage. The reception of this proposition by the organs of the party in those States, and the manner in which they spoke of the *World* and other papers which were inclined to this policy, was such as to reveal not only a reluctance, but a "spurning" scorn, which instantly changed the tone of the *World*, and drove it back to the good old traditional Democratic ground of injustice, betrayal of Southern Union men, and contemptuous disdain of equal rights.

Those who still press the nomination of Mr. Chase as the sole hope of the Democratic party are not willing, however, not to make one more stand. They now say that, whatever his own views upon the subject, Mr. Chase is willing to leave the question of negro suffrage to the States. But the difficulty with this view—which would be plausible except for the letter—is that in the letter, as we have seen in the extract quoted, he shows that he wishes the Democratic party in the States to favor negro suffrage. He removes himself the cloud of doubt, raised by the mere assertion that he would be willing to leave the decision to the States, by saying how he wishes the States to decide. The nomination of Mr. Chase by the Democrats, therefore, would be not only an acceptance of negro suffrage as an accomplished fact, but a recommendation of it as a policy to the Democratic party in the Southern States. It would not be a negative acquiescence, it would be a positive approval.

It is very improbable, for this reason, that Mr. Chase will receive the Democratic nomination. As we have always supposed, that party will follow the traditions it has created and suffer the doom it has prepared for itself. It has taught its followers to despise the negro, and to believe that a man's color is a proof of an inferiority which justifies his deprivation of common political rights. The common-sense and conscience of the country have opposed this view, and have adopted a policy of equal rights, by which the Union is being rapidly restored with rich promise of renewed national prosperity. The more sagacious Democratic leaders see, of course, that the country will not consent to reopen the long and angry debate now so happily closing. They would, therefore, acknowledge their defeat and try to form their line upon a new field. But how persuade the really ignorant rank and file of their party, which they have taught that a negro is a contemptible inferior, suddenly to agree that he is a political equal? How carry on a Presidential campaign in which every Democratic cry must be suppressed, and every Democratic tradition forgotten, and with a candidate who is politically illustrious solely as a victorious foe of the party? It is simply impossible.

The party, therefore, which at Chicago in 1864 called the war a failure, and nominated its chief failure for President, must now declare the peace a failure, and nominate a candidate pledged to subvert its cardinal condition. That candidate will hardly be General Hancock, for he represents nothing. He was merely a lieutenant of Grant. He would only chill the peace men of his own side, and he certainly would not win Republican votes from General Grant. The positive element of the party would undoubtedly prefer Mr. Pendleton; but the other part may insist that, if they are to surrender their whole policy and their man, there must be a compromise upon the candidate, and so secure the nomination of a person of no individual prestige like Mr. Hendricks, who would arouse no enthusiasm and poll merely the regular party vote. The Convention, under the circumstances, is sure to be a very amusing and a very instructive assembly.

"SCISSORS, IF I DIE FOR IT!"

There is a familiar anecdote illustrative of female tenacity, to the effect that a certain good woman, differing, as she had a perfect right to do, with her husband, was at length submerged by him in deep waters as a means of enabling her to see the justice of his view, upon which, her tongue being silenced, the zealous lady raised her hand above the swelling flood, and, by the motion of her fingers, indicated her unconquerable adhesion to her opinion. The President of the United States is the latest illustration of this good lady, and he has once more retorted upon Congress, "Scissors, if I die for it!" Returning the Arkansas Bill with his objections he says that Arkansas is either in or out of the Union. If out, the bill does not admit her; if in, it is unnecessary and absurd. But he denies that the State could secede or has seceded; consequently she is in, with all the rights of all the other States that never tried to secede.

This is just where his Excellency comes to the ground. For if Arkansas has now all the rights of any loyal State she had them during the war and when it ended; and if Congress has no right to meddle with her organization now, the President had no right to meddle with it in 1865. But he undoubtedly did meddle, even to prescribing an oath to be administered to the voters. When, therefore, he chides Congress for doing what he did first, the President, if he will allow the familiar phrase, is merely—and from his own point of view—the pot calling the kettle black.

We are very glad that just upon the eve of the assembling of the Democratic Convention, the President—certainly the most clumsy of allies—reminds the country of the theory held by him and the Democratic party of the actual situation of the late rebel States. It is, that when active opposition to the National Government ceased in any one of them, the State was instantly restored to its old relations in the Union and could reorganize itself exactly as it chose, while Congress had no more to say upon the subject than it has to a change of the Constitution of New York. The Government might indeed proceed against the population of the State as traitors and hang them individually, provided it could convict. But the trial must take place in the State, and each offender be convicted by a jury of his fellow-offenders. Beyond this the country had no right whatever. If the abolition of Slavery had been instrumental in suppressing the rebellion, it had also given the late rebels an additional representation in Congress, so that the result of the rebellion was a loss of life and property on all sides, and an increase of political power to rebels. As for Slavery, it is a State institution, and if any State choose to establish it, Congress can not interfere; while an enforced acceptance of the emancipation amendment is consent under duress and therefore invalid.

This is the necessary logic of the President's theory in his veto messages, and of the Democratic hostility to the legislation of reconstruction. The ridiculous plight in which it leaves the loyal people of the United States is evident. Their common-sense has rejected it; and while the President solemnly reiterates it at every opportunity, the shrewder Democratic chiefs are slyly trying to hedge. But if the President holds fast, who knows but he may compel those chiefs to accept him as their necessary and logical and inevitable candidate?

ENGLISH POLITICS.

Mr. Disraeli intends to dissolve Parliament. He has attempted in vain to evade the issue, and his conduct shows that his excuse for hesitating was insincere. Why dissolve, he has hitherto said, when the now enlarged constituency is about coming to the polls? let us wait for them. But he now proposes to hold the election under the old law. This also shows, and that is perhaps the most significant point of the whole matter, that the Tory chief does not feel sure of the practical working of his new electoral reform bill. It will be remembered that he persuaded his party that it would not suffer by enlarging the number of voters; and his secret expectation and intention were to form an alliance between the aristocracy and the lowest part of the population. It was a policy of King and Lazaroni, of Southern slave lords and Northern immigrants. But his determination to have the election before the new voters are eligible reveals his distrust. He is evidently not sure that he could buy or control the mass of the new constituencies.

The difficulty we suppose to be the extremely liberal and even republican tendency and organization of an important part of the artisan class, which is probably more widely spread than is generally imagined. It is indeed not likely that the most cultivated and trained English minds should be constantly engaged in the consideration of every political question with a force and freedom that are almost unknown in this country without a corresponding interest among those who are most directly affected by such intellectual activity. There is a party of Independents as well as Presbyterians in the present political movement; a party of the clubs as well as the Girondists.

The real extent of this party it would not be easy to state with accuracy. It is allied with the more intelligent Fenian leaders, and has a distinct policy in regard to all public questions. Its hold by tradition and sympathy must be very strong upon the very lowest but vast class of the English population, the agricultural laborers. It is also well organized. Indeed, if Mr. Frederic Harrison's estimate of the artisan class in his "Transit of Power" be not altogether incorrect, the Trades Union is the most powerful organization in England, and that is politically under the control of republican ideas. It is the consciousness of this enormous impending force in British politics that caused Mr. Lowe to cry out for instant and universal education; and it is the same consciousness that has already led to the vast enrollment and organization of volunteers. The English volunteers of to-day are the National Guard of the Bourgeoisie in Louis Philippe's time in France.

Doubtless, also, in surveying the field and calculating all the chances, Mr. Disraeli does not wish to trust his place to an election in which this new force is to be legally and officially felt for the first time. The Prime Minister knows that he does not deceive the English "people," as the artisan and agricultural classes of the population are called, any more than Democratic politicians deceive the freedmen among us. He is not their man. He counts, indeed, upon ignorance, like all Tory chiefs, as the slave masters did in this country, and as their successors, the Tammany managers, do. He hopes, undoubtedly, that the "No Popery" cry will be of signal service to him. As the Democratic or Tory papers in this country ten years ago used to call Mr. Seward's statements of self-evident political and social propositions a "brutal and bloody programme" of dissolving the Union and subverting the Constitution, so the British Tory interest attacks Mr. Gladstone's bill for the abolition of the Irish Church system as an assault upon the foundations of the Constitution itself. The key-note of the Tory campaign in the elections was struck by Disraeli in his reply to the Protestant deputation from Ireland. He said that the interests of the whole kingdom were involved in the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The blow struck in Ireland would in due time be leveled against the institutions of Great Britain. It was only fair that the people [namely, the present voters] should decide whether the British Constitution should be subverted and the revolution accomplished. The Ministry had therefore resolved to dissolve Parliament. The deputation was satisfied, and the contest will now begin.

But the success or failure of Disraeli as Prime Minister is an unimportant question compared with the other and vital one, whether reform in England can move so rapidly and wisely as to avoid revolution. The political institutions of England are perilously far from embodying the political convictions of the people. The task of the statesman, therefore, is to bring them into proper and satisfactory relations. But this involves a bold and swift policy for which the conservative class of hereditary holders of power is hardly prepared. While the Queen lives there is likely to be no very serious disturbance of public order; but the best informed men in England doubtless know that the accession of such a king as the Prince of Wales would be regarded by a powerful and organized class as a national disaster.

A WORD WITH THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

We trust that General Franklin and the other soldiers who are to meet in convention to support the nominations made by the Tammany Convention will not forget to remember the attitude during the war of the party which they commend to the sympathy of the country. It is no reply to say that the war is over, and that brave soldiers do not fight when resistance ceases.

The question to be decided, and upon which the Cooper Institute Convention of soldiers and sailors will pronounce, is, which party is most likely to secure the results obtained by the war? No party is hostile to the South as a section, although the Republican party is unwilling to trust the disaffected portion of the Southern population with exclusive political power, while the Democratic party insists that the friends and allies of the Union soldiers during the war shall now be entirely subordinated to their enemies. Do the soldiers and sailors about to assemble really believe that the party of which Vallandigham, Pendleton, and Seymour are recognized leaders, and whose policy is prescribed by these leaders, is a party worthy of the sympathy of Union soldiers? Let us look back a little.

In the summer of 1864 the great final campaigns were prosecuted. Grant in Virginia, and Sherman in Georgia and the Carolinas, were moving toward victory. But the hour of triumph was delayed. The public expectation, which had been very eager, was disappointed. Weeks and months passed, and still the contest continued. How stern and long the trouble was no one knows so well as the soldiers themselves. For three years it had lasted, and during the three years what had been the attitude of the party which some soldiers and sailors now propose to support?

The great Democratic meeting in Philadelphia in January, 1861, denounced, in the name of the party, the "fratricidal war thus to be inaugurated." And a month later the Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania resolved to oppose "any armed aggression upon the Southern States." This was the tone of all the party papers and speakers, especially of Horatio Seymour at Tweddle Hall, until the fall of Sumter silenced for a time the loud expression of sympathy with rebellion.

But in April, 1864, when a motion was offered to expel Mr. Harris, of Maryland, from the House of Representatives, because he had, upon the floor, expressed the hope that "God Almighty would never permit the Government to subdue the South," every member but one voted against it.

At the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1864 the resolution drawn by Vallandigham, the most conspicuous Copperhead in the country, asserting the war to be a failure, was made part of the party declaration of faith. As he said afterward, the Convention meant peace and it said so. The individual expressions of Democrats of every kind were in the same strain. One asked, "Isn't it time that this infernal war should stop?" S. S. Cox said that "Lincoln and Davis ought to be brought to the same block together." Emerson Etheridge asked, "Who is the worst traitor, Jefferson Davis or Abraham Lincoln?" Horatio Seymour, then Governor of New York, scarcely veiled his threats against the enforcement of the draft, by writing to the President: "The temper of the people to-day you can readily learn." The New York *Leader*, which was called a "war Democratic" journal, menaced the Government with resistance if it persisted in raising men by draft to serve with you, soldiers, in the army. Mr. Swackhamer said that the country was tired and sick of calls for more men. James Brooks cried, "No more fighting; fighting will never restore the Union." Judge Daly thought that there was "a possibility of peace and a preservation of the Union through a compromise." In a word, while you were in the field, and still victory was delayed, and the only hope of the country and of free popular government lay in the moral support of the country, in its unshrinking faith in the good cause, and in the men which it sent forward to you at the front, the Democratic party was carrying on a political campaign in your rear, for the success of which the rabid rebel journals openly prayed, and for the result of which, had it been successful, the rebel army and the Andersonville jailers would have sung Te Deum.

Mayor Gunther, in the proud autumn of 1864, refused to rejoice over your victories. Do you suppose they were welcome to the patriotism of those who elected him? How does this party propose to secure those victories? By roaring about State rights, and delivering your allies of every color and kind to ex-rebels. How does it honor the war? By the foulest abuse of the General of the Armies. Have you changed, or the party whose organs called you Hessians and hirelings? Which do you believe will more truly secure the prosperity of the Union—those who thought it worth a war, or those who, with Horatio Seymour, thought and said that the Union might fall rather than slavery?

THE NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

The President could hardly have expected the Senate to confirm the nomination of General M'Clellan as Minister to England. To nominate him was a very cheap way of propitiating the Democratic party. The action of the Senate, however, in the prompt confirmation of Mr. Reverdy Johnson was an honorable tribute to the personal respect in which he is held, and an evidence of willingness not to insist upon a difference at every point with the Executive. Some months ago, in speaking of the retirement of Mr. Adams, we mentioned Mr. Johnson as the best of the several persons among whom the President was likely to choose. It is a very much better selection than we had a right to expect; but it is still to be deeply regretted that a different representative could not now be sent to England. Not certainly for any personal consideration. Mr. Johnson is a gentleman of spotless character, of conceded ability, of ripe and various information, and of an habitual courtesy, which is the earnest of the most dignified official intercourse with the British Government. If the only points to be considered were personal fitness and intellectual accomplishment, the United States could have no better minister in England than Mr. Reverdy Johnson.

But a minister is not merely a diplomatic agent. In these days that is really the most unimportant of his functions. He is an influence, and he should therefore be a representative. But Mr. Johnson is not a representative of the convictions, the principles, and the sympathies which now control the United States Government. The real service of a minister is in the manner in which he affects the public opinion of the country in which he resides, and still more the private opinion which moulds its official foreign action. When the rebellion began Mr. Dallas was United States minister in England, and Mr. Faulkner in France, and Jeremiah Black was Secretary of State. Mr. Dallas was an old political ally of the slave-holders and conspirators. His views of the situation were all necessarily influenced by that fact. Officially he remonstrated against the recognition of the Confederacy as a belligerent. How heartily he must have done it it is not difficult to imagine. Mr. Faulkner was a Virginian Democrat. His superior was Jeremiah Black, who held that States had no right to secede, but that the United States had no right to prevent secession. Mr. Faulkner's dispatch in reply to the order to prevent the recognition of the Confederacy, remarked that "coercion" was contrary to the "genius of our institutions." Naturally Mr. Faulkner returned from representing the Government of the United States to rebel against it. Both these ministers were of the State-rights school. They believed implicitly in the divine right of slavery. They did not believe in the constitutionality of coercion. They undoubtedly supposed the result to be a foregone conclusion. Had Mr. Adams been in the place of Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Dayton in that of Mr. Faulkner, the inner social opinion both of England and France would have been very different, and their action, out of which the *Alabama* and similar troubles sprang, would have been delayed. For both the new ministers represented the new and liberty-loving spirit which had at last come into power.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson holds very much the same relation to the really dominant sentiment of the country now that Messrs. Dallas and Faulkner held eight years ago. He was, indeed, a Union man; he even supported emancipation, and he acquiesced in the reconstruction policy without approving it. But for two years he has been steadily identified with the Democratic opposition, and has furnished it all the arguments it has had. He was bred in a Slave State among aristocratic traditions, and he has never shown that he was in the least touched or inspired by that generous faith in the expediency as well as justice of equal political and civil rights, which is the corner-stone of the new America. Consequently, therefore, his tone must be one of distrust. He can not inspire a confidence he does not feel. He must necessarily fail in the chief office of an American minister in England, which is to impress English opinion with the conviction that the settlement of our difficulties is the result of a purpose as earnest and a feeling as profound as those which conquered the rebellion and destroyed slavery. How different the effect and how much more serviceable toward a true international intelligence if a man like Mr. Motley, for instance, were our Minister in England!

A LOCK, STOCK, AND BARREL WANTED.

The condition of the Democratic party, in view of its approaching National Convention, ought to be enough to satisfy the country whether it can safely be intrusted with the government. When a great party, in a free country, questions the principles and opposes the policy of its opponent, maintains a vigorous criticism, and demands power in order to prove that its own principles and policy will more surely secure the public welfare, it occupies a position which is at least consistent, and in a moment of fatigue or doubt or disgust may succeed in supplanting its adversary. But when a party says that it does not exactly know whether it has any principles, and can not determine who represents its policy, one day insisting that it had better acquiesce in the policy of its opponent as a settled result, and the next that it had better do no such thing, it offers a ludicrous and contemptible spectacle.

That is precisely the position of the Democratic party. It does not know whether to fight or retreat or surrender. It can not resolve whether a radical Republican or a peace Copperhead is its better candidate. It can not decide whether to declare the question of reconstruction closed, or to reopen it altogether. It wants to denounce equal suffrage, and it is afraid to say any thing about it. This is one of the most interesting and important epochs in our history, and the Democratic party can not make up its mind what to think about it. Last autumn it triumphantly shouted that the great reaction had begun, and now it considers whether the points shall be conceded against which it declared the reaction to be directed. Its Convention meets in a week, and it does not know whether its inspiration shall be relentless hostility to the war as a wicked outrage, or approval of it as a necessary exercise of legitimate authority.

Is this a party to be intrusted with the government of this country? With whatever candidate and whatever professions it may enter upon the election, is this a party to which thoughtful and sensible men will give their support? Whatever a man's previous respect for the ability and career of Mr. Chase, would he wish to vote for him if Mr. Chase were willing to receive the nomination of a convention which seriously entertained Mr. Pendleton as the contesting candidate? Mr. Chase, elected President by hundreds of thousands of votes reluctantly cast for him, but which would have been joyfully thrown for Hendricks, or Seymour, or Vallandigham—for whom Pendleton is merely a substitute—could not be independent of those votes, nor of the policy and tendency which they represent. Unless we suppose a political tergiversation which is incredible, namely, a renunciation of his Republican views to obtain a Democratic nomination, and then a betrayal of the Democratic party, Mr. Chase would, of course, be a party President, and dispense his patronage like other Presidents. Whoever voted for him would vote to place the administration of the government in the hands of Democratic politicians, and, of course, for the promotion of Democratic views and policies.

If that is a desirable result; if the ascendency of the Democratic party, as the country knows it by most tragical experience, would tend to the speedy restoration of the Union upon enduring principles, then we can conceive why a Republican might think that he ought to vote for Mr. Chase as a Democratic candidate. But if he asked himself the question with which we began, whether a party that has not yet made up its mind whether Mr. Chase or Mr. Pendleton is its true representative, can safely be trusted with the government and with the final settlement of the Southern question, he would probably conclude that Mr. Chase, as a Democratic President, would do precisely what Mr. Horatio Seymour or Alexander H. Stephens would do—namely, carry out the policy upon which his party might decide.

It seems to us that any candid man must admit that a party which has certain fixed and proved principles, and a policy of restoration already in successful operation that has belied all the evil auguries of its enemies in regard to it—a party which has nominated a candidate of the highest renown as a patriotic soldier, under whose command the Union citizens suppressed unconditionally a vast, cruel, and causeless rebellion, and as a man remarkable for sagacity, moderation, integrity, honesty, and fidelity—a party which did not hesitate to destroy slavery to win the victory, nor to establish equal suffrage to secure the fruits of victory, is a party which deserves the cordial support of every citizen who wishes that the scar of the war may rapidly disappear, and the future of the country be founded upon a truly just, sensible, and American policy. While a party which, within a week of its Presidential nomination, has no common conviction, and no defined policy, and is distracted among candidates who represent radically hostile and irreconcilable principles, is merely a body of conspirators, torn with doubt whether they can best secure possession of the church plate by piously kneeling, and as seeming worshipers waiting their opportunity of plunder, or by boldly bursting in and revealing their true character as desperate robbers.

WEAK INVENTIONS.

The campaign against General Grant has thus far been conducted by saying that he is no soldier, and that his name is Hiram; that against Mr. Colfax by inventing a series of very stupid falsehoods. Whether the General is guilty of the name of Hiram is a point which may be safely left to his enemies to settle. Whether he be a soldier those enemies who have a right to an opinion, for instance, Buckner at Donelson, Pemberton at Vicksburg, Bragg at Chattanooga, and Lee in Virginia, have probably made up their minds. If they have not, the rest of his countrymen have.

As for Mr. Colfax's offenses, the first, namely, that he insulted Union soldiers, is charged by the organs of the party that denounced the war as wicked and the soldiers as hirelings, while the Speaker was always most conspicuous among the eminent supporters of the cause and friends of the army. It did not need his naturally indignant denial of so bald a slander to dispose of it forever. The other allegation is, that he is hostile to foreigners. But the truth is, that Mr. Colfax has shown himself more friendly to the Fenian movement than almost all of our public men; and so well known is his sympathy for the just rights of all men, of whatever land they may chance to be native, that he has always greatly led the average vote of his party in parts of his State where the foreign element prevails. Those who know Mr. Colfax will smile at this kind of feeble invention; for if his political principles did not forbid any such feeling upon his part, his political sagacity would prevent the expression of it. The enemy must try again.

MR. CHASE AND THE SUFFRAGE.

Mr. Horatio Seymour is reported to favor the nomination of Mr. Chase, and to have said in a party caucus: "As to negro suffrage he is willing to leave that question entirely to the States, where we claim it belongs."

We have elsewhere shown that Mr. Chase, in his letter of May 25 of this year, reiterates his devotion to the cause of equal suffrage, and hopes that the Democratic party will take care to secure it in the Southern States. But in a speech to the colored people, delivered in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 12th of May, 1865, Mr. Chase expressed his views in regard to the establishment of negro suffrage by the National Government.

He said: "If the Government of the United States, taking every thing into consideration, shall not think it proper to enroll all the colored men as citizens and voters, what is your duty? To fret and worry about it? I think not. If I were in your case, I would go to work, and show that the United States Government was mistaken in making the delay. If you show that the mistake will be corrected."

These are not the words of a man who doubts the right and power of the National Government to regulate suffrage in the disordered States. They show that he merely doubts whether Congress is quite as deeply convinced of the right and policy as he is, and they were spoken with a view to the Radical nomination for the Presidency. A Democratic paper in Georgia, the Brunswick *Banner*, reminding the colored people of the antecedents of Mr. Chase, asks: "To whom at the North do the colored people owe more than to Mr. Chase? To him mainly is due their emancipation and the suffrage they possess."

When Mr. Seymour says, as reported, therefore, that Mr. Chase is willing to leave the question entirely to the States, does he mean that he was opposed to Congressional enfranchisement? But Mr. Chase's words and whole record show that he was not. Does Mr. Seymour mean, then, that hereafter the Chief Justice is in favor of leaving the suffrage to the States? But the Republican platform takes no other ground. It says, with Mr. Chase, that the public safety, as well as gratitude and justice, demanded that Congress should give the ballot to every loyal man in the unreconstructed States, while in all the loyal States the question properly belongs to the people.

So far as his views upon this subject are concerned, therefore, Mr. Chase is no more a desirable candidate for the opponents of reconstruction upon equal rights than any other radical; and should he accept their nomination it must necessarily be at the expense of the public respect for his character.

"TRICKS UPON TRAVELERS."

We have received the following note, which we publish with pleasure, and without any desire to continue a controversy as to the comparative accuracy of memory of the buyer and seller of the ticket in question—a point upon which, of course, we have not changed our opinion. It is enough that, by the wise action of the Company, the chance of a similar difficulty is hereafter to be avoided:

"New York, June 20, 1868.

"*To the Editor of 'Harper's Weekly:'*

"The issue of your paper of June 13, 1868, contains an editorial article headed 'Tricks upon Travelers,' which does injustice to this office and the Company which I represent; and I respectfully request the publication of the following explanation of the case referred to: The difficulty was caused wholly by a misunderstanding between the ticket-seller and the purchaser as to what constituted a state-room. The cars in question are of peculiar construction, and the interior subdivided into five compartments, represented by two state-rooms at the ends, having six sleeping berths and three compartments containing four berths; these rooms are about the same size, and the middle ones have more space between the berths. A curtain is dropped in the centre of each compartment or state-room, with an entrance door common to both sides. My agent sold to the gentleman one side of an end room, and claims that he so informed him. There was not the slightest wish on his part to misinform the purchaser, and no one regrets the circumstance more than I do. This is the first case that has occurred within my knowledge since these cars have been running where any dissatisfaction has been expressed by passengers. We aim to furnish all the facilities possible for the comfort and convenience of the public, and think we have done so in the past.

"To avoid the recurrence in the future of any similar difficulty, only complete state-rooms or compartments will hereafter be sold at No. 1 Astor House or 271 Broadway; and the disposal of berths, or parts of rooms, will be left with the conductor of the car after the passengers have started. J. L. Elliott,

"Agent Pennsylvania Railroad Company."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The Currency bill passed the Senate on June 17. It limits the circulation of the National Banks to $300,000,000, to be secured by deposits with the United States Treasurer of United States bonds to the value of ninety per cent. of the circulation.

The Senate on June 18 refused to give American registry to the bark *Golden Fleece*, which adopted British colors during the war, and now seeks to become American again. The chairman of the Committee on Commerce announced before the vote was taken that the decision of the Senate in this case would be accepted as instructions to the Committee in regard to a large number of other vessels similarly situated. The vote was very decided against allowing the *Golden Fleece* to adopt the American colors.

The Arkansas Admission bill was passed over the President's veto in the Senate, on June 22, by a vote of 30 to 7, and is now a law. All the members of the Congressional delegation from the readmitted State are Republicans.

The Kentucky election case was decided in the House, on June 22, by the adoption of a resolution declaring Samuel M'Kee, a Union man, elected over Judge Young, a former secessionist.

NEWS ITEMS.

Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, was made a LLD. by Cambridge University, England, on June 16.

The English Cabinet is about to give George Francis Train additional notoriety by prosecuting him. He was lately hissed down in the Liverpool Merchants' Exchange.

A. S. Welch is the Florida Senator elect for the term ending March 4, 1869. T. W. Osborn is the Senator elect for the long term.

Judge Ingraham, of the Supreme Court, has wisely denied the motions of several Broadway concert saloon keepers for injunctions restraining the Superintendent of Police from posting officers at the doors of the premises to warn persons from entering them. It is hoped that this will eventually break up these dens of iniquity.

An ex-rebel Colonel M'Carty, in an altercation at Russellville, Kentucky, shot and killed Major Lawrence, of the United States army, commanding at that post.

Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, and his Attorney-General, Hooker, have been removed from office, and General Adelbert Ames and Captain Casper Myer, both army officers, have been appointed in their places.

Twenty-eight persons are in prison in Atlanta, Georgia, charged with complicity in the Ashburn murder.

The Canadian Zouaves who joined the Papal army are reported to be enduring great privations.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The siege of Port au Prince, Hayti, continued on June 10. The revolutionists had possession of the suburbs of the town and were waiting the arrival of reinforcements. Salnave, the President, commanded in the city.

Nova Scotia is dissatisfied with the Canadian Confederation scheme, and desires to secede from it. The subject is now engaging the attention of the British Parliament.

The various churches—Christian and Israelite—in the Turkish Empire, have engaged lately in voting and tendering thanks to the Sultan for his late decree relative to religious liberty, the substance of which we have published. Lately a delegation of the heads of the churches in Constantinople waited upon him, and in the course of a brief speech he said, "That his principal object and solicitude would not cease to be the civilization of his Empire and the prosperity of his peoples; that he made no distinction between his Mussulman and Christian subjects; that, by appointing functionaries to the new Council appertaining to different creeds, it was with the object of shielding the interests of all his subjects, and to make them participate equally in the administration of the country."

There is cholera at Matanzas.

THE CHICAGO SAENGERFEST.

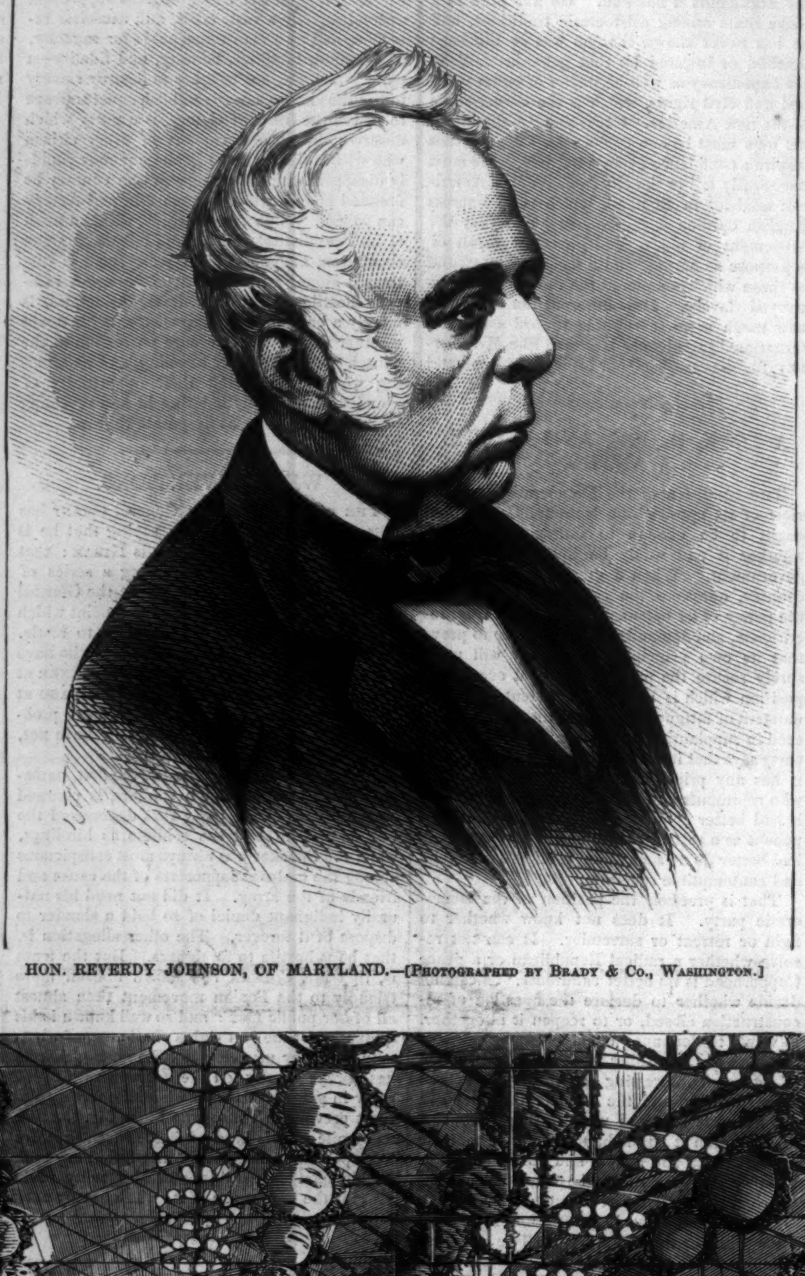
The Convention of the German Saengerfest Societies of the country was held this year at Chicago, Illinois, commencing on June 17, and continuing until June 20. The concerts were given in the Wabash Avenue Skating Rink, the interior of which we illustrate on this page.

The performances of the four days embraced three grand concerts, in which an orchestra of 150 performers and a chorus of 500 voices engaged, a torch-light procession of several thousand persons, delegates and citizens, numerous Glee Club concerts at various halls in the city, two grand balls, and a picnic on the Sunday following the last day of the Convention.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON.

Shortly after the resignation of Mr. Adams as Minister to the Court of St. James, President Johnson nominated General George B. M'Clellan for that position. The nomination was in such bad taste, and the nominee so evidently incapable of filling the office, at a time when such important arbitration as the settlement of the Alabama claims was pending between England and the United States, that the Senate promptly rejected the nomination. On June 12, however, the President made the more judicious nomination of Hon. Reverdy Johnson, and the Senate unanimously confirmed the nomination without the usual form of reference to a committee. This was more out of respect to the high personal character and eminent abilities of Mr. Johnson than satisfaction with the political principles held and advocated by him. The President, had he been disposed, might have nominated a man more acceptable in this regard to the Senate and the country, but hardly one of greater ability or higher character than the gentleman who is now our Minister to England.

Mr. Johnson is a native of Annapolis, Maryland, and is now seventy-two years of age. He was educated in St. John's College, Annapolis, until seventeen years of age, when he began the study of law in his father's office. He entered national political life in 1845, when he was chosen a Senator from Maryland. He resigned in 1849 to accept the position of Attorney-General during the Taylor administration. He resigned on the accession of Mr. Fillmore, and resumed the practice of law. He was a delegate to the Peace Congress of 1861. When the Southern States seceded in the same year he remained a loyal man, and as such was re-elected to the Senate in 1863 for the term ending in 1869. Although elected as a Democrat, he voted on several important measures—such as the Emancipation Amendment of 1864 and the Reconstruction Act of 1866—with the Republicans. He has served for years on the Committee on Foreign Relations, and is intimately acquainted with that branch of the national service. He fully agrees with the views of the Government on the intricate questions with England, and will probably pursue, under the same policy and general instructions, the work so well conducted heretofore by Mr. Adams.



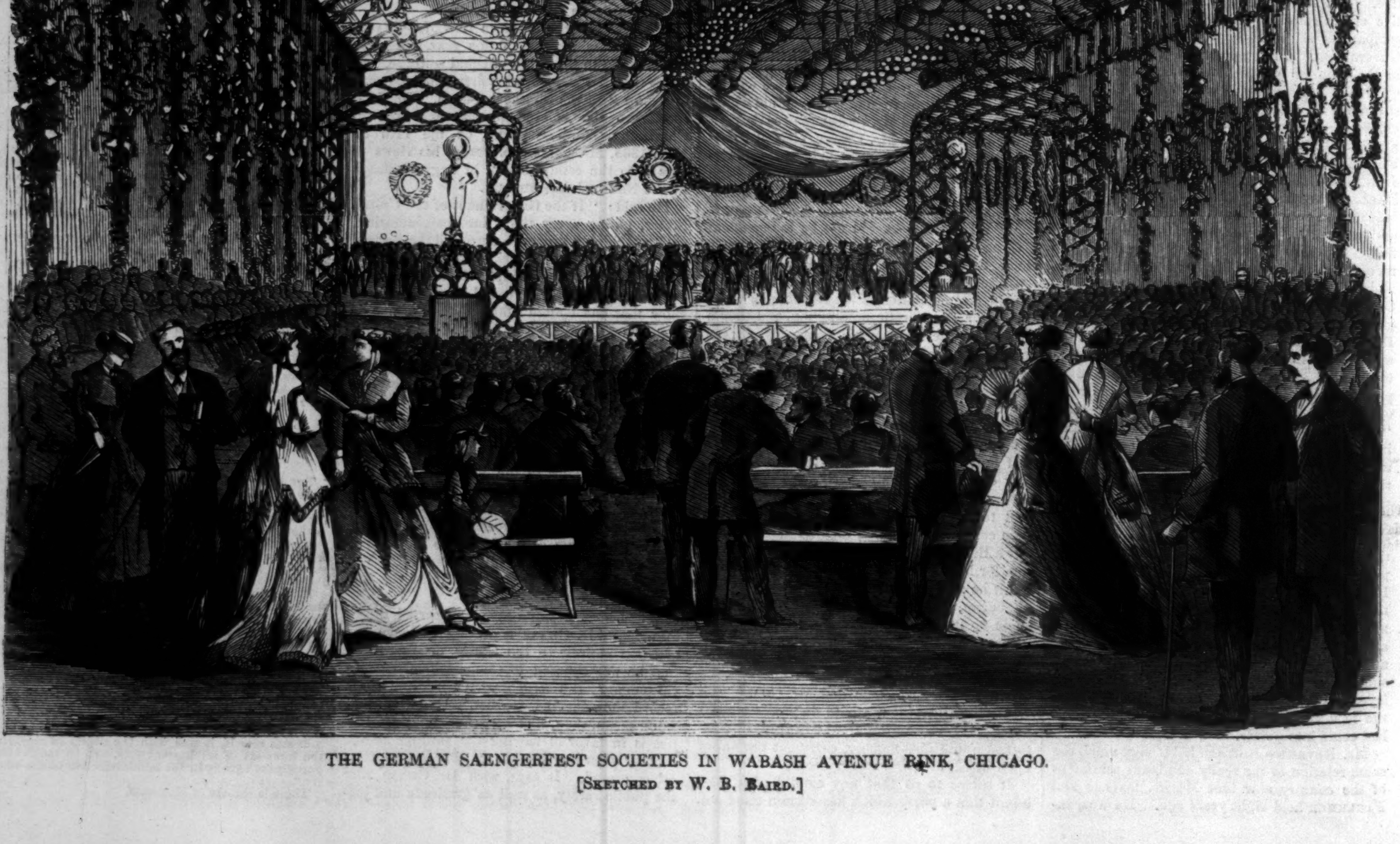
HON. REVERDY JOHNSON, OF MARYLAND.—[Photographed by Brady & Co., Washington.]

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club was to have taken place on June 18, but owing to the absence of all wind—an indispensable requisite on all such excursions—there was no regatta. The contesting yachts certainly made a very handsome start—which we illustrate on page 428—and went to sea, as also did a great many steamers, and tugs, and pleasure-boats filled with interested spectators; but the time made by the yachts was so slow that, by the rules of the Club, the contest was pronounced "no race." The *White Wing* in advance, and one or two other sloops some distance behind, turned the light-ship off Sandy Hook, but the majority of the vessels which entered and started gave up the contest early in the afternoon, and returned to the stake-boat to await orders and a fair breeze.

The race was resumed next day, but only a small number of boats entered, and the sport was not exciting.

Our illustrations on page 428 represent the start, showing the several yachts getting under way, and a view of the new Club-house of the Association. For some years past the New York Yacht Club has been occupying a Club-house at Hoboken, belonging to Commodore Stevens. They have lately bought a property near Clifton, Staten Island, and in the course of the three weeks during which they have been in possession have altered and improved it into the shape and condition indicated in our engraving. It overlooks the Narrows, the favorite starting-point of the Club, and is one of the most picturesque spots on picturesque Staten Island. From the Club-house lawn the whole of the Upper Bay may be seen, the eye taking in the lower part of New York and Brooklyn. Our view, however, is taken from the New York side of the house, and looking out to sea. From this view the spectator has full sight of Forts Hamilton, Lafayette, Diamond, Richmond, and all the defenses of the Narrows, and the entrance to New



THE GERMAN SAENGERFEST SOCIETIES IN WABASH AVENUE RINK, CHICAGO.

[Sketched by W. B. Baird.]

York harbor, with the full stretch of the Lower Bay and a distant view of Sandy Hook. No more appropriate or more beautiful site could have been selected for the Club-house. It is but a short distance from the Lower (or Vanderbilt) landing of the Staten Island ferry-boats, and therefore easy of access to privileged visitors. The grounds are open to members and invited guests.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER IX.

THE doctor's pretty house-maid stood waiting for me, with the street-door open in her hand. Pouring brightly into the hall, the morning light fell full on the face of Mr. Candy's assistant when I turned and looked at him.

It was impossible to dispute Betteredge's assertion that the appearance of Ezra Jennings, speaking from the popular point of view, was against him. His gipsy-complexion, his fleshless cheeks, his gaunt facial bones, his dreamy eyes, his extraordinary parti-colored hair, the puzzling contradiction between his face and figure which made him look old and young both together—were all more or less calculated to produce an unfavorable impression of him on a stranger's mind. And yet—feeling this as I certainly did—it is not to be denied that Ezra Jennings made some inscrutable appeal to my sympathies, which I found it impossible to resist. While my knowledge of the world warned me to answer the question which he had put, by acknowledging that I did indeed find Mr. Candy sadly changed, and then to proceed on my way out of the house—my interest in Ezra Jennings held me rooted to the place, and gave him the opportunity of speaking to me in private about his employer, for which he had been evidently on the watch.

"Are you walking my way, Mr. Jennings?" I said, observing that he held his hat in his hand. "I am going to call on my aunt, Mrs. Ablewhite."

Ezra Jennings replied that he had a patient to see, and that he was walking my way.

We left the house together. I observed that the pretty servant girl—who was all smiles and amiability when I wished her good-morning on my way out—received a modest little message from Ezra Jennings, relating to the time at which he might be expected to return, with pursed-up lips and with eyes which ostentatiously looked any where rather than look in his face. The poor wretch was evidently no favorite in the house. Out of the house, I had Betteredge's word for it that he was unpopular every where. "What a life!" I thought to myself as we descended the doctor's door-steps.

Having already referred to Mr. Candy's illness on his side, Ezra Jennings now appeared determined to leave it to me to resume the subject. His silence said, significantly, "It's your turn now." I, too, had my reasons for referring to the doctor's illness, and I readily accepted the responsibility of speaking first.

"Judging by the change I see in him," I began, "Mr. Candy's illness must have been far more serious than I had supposed?"

"It is almost a miracle," said Ezra Jennings, "that he lived through it."

"Is his memory never any better than I have found it to-day? He has been trying to speak to me—"

"Of something which happened before he was taken ill?" asked the assistant, observing that I hesitated.

"Yes."

"His memory of events at that past time is hopelessly enfeebled," said Ezra Jennings. "It is almost to be deplored, poor fellow, that even the wreck of it remains. While he remembers dimly plans that he formed—things, here and there, that he had to say or do before his illness—he is perfectly incapable of recalling what the plans were, or what the thing was that he had to say or do. He is painfully conscious of his own deficiency, and painfully anxious, as you must have seen, to hide it from observation. If he could only have recovered in a complete state of oblivion as to the past, he would have been a happier man. Perhaps we should all be happier," he added, with a sad smile, "if we could but completely forget!"

"There are some events surely in all men's lives," I replied, "the memory of which they would be unwilling entirely to lose?"

"That is, I hope, to be said of most men, Mr. Blake. I am afraid it can not truly be said of *all*. Have you any reason to suppose that the lost remembrance which Mr. Candy tried to recover—while you were speaking to him just now—was a remembrance which it was important to *you* that he should recall?"

In saying those words he had touched, of his own accord, on the very point upon which I was anxious to consult him. The interest I felt in this strange man had impelled me, in the first instance, to give him the opportunity of speaking to me, reserving what I might have to say on my side in relation to his employer until I was first satisfied that he was a person in whose delicacy and discretion I could trust. The little that he had said thus far had been sufficient to convince me that I was speaking to a gentleman. He had what I may venture to describe as the *unsought self-possession* which is a sure sign of good-breeding, not in England only, but every where else in the civilized world. Whatever the object which he had in view in putting the question that he had just addressed to me, I felt no doubt that I was justified—so far—in answering him without reserve.

"I believe I have a strong interest," I said, "in tracing the lost remembrance which Mr. Candy was unable to recall. May I ask whether you can suggest to me any method by which I might assist his memory?"

Ezra Jennings looked at me, with a sudden flash of interest in his dreamy brown eyes.

"Mr. Candy's memory is beyond the reach of assistance," he said. "I have tried to help it often enough since his recovery to be able to speak positively on that point."

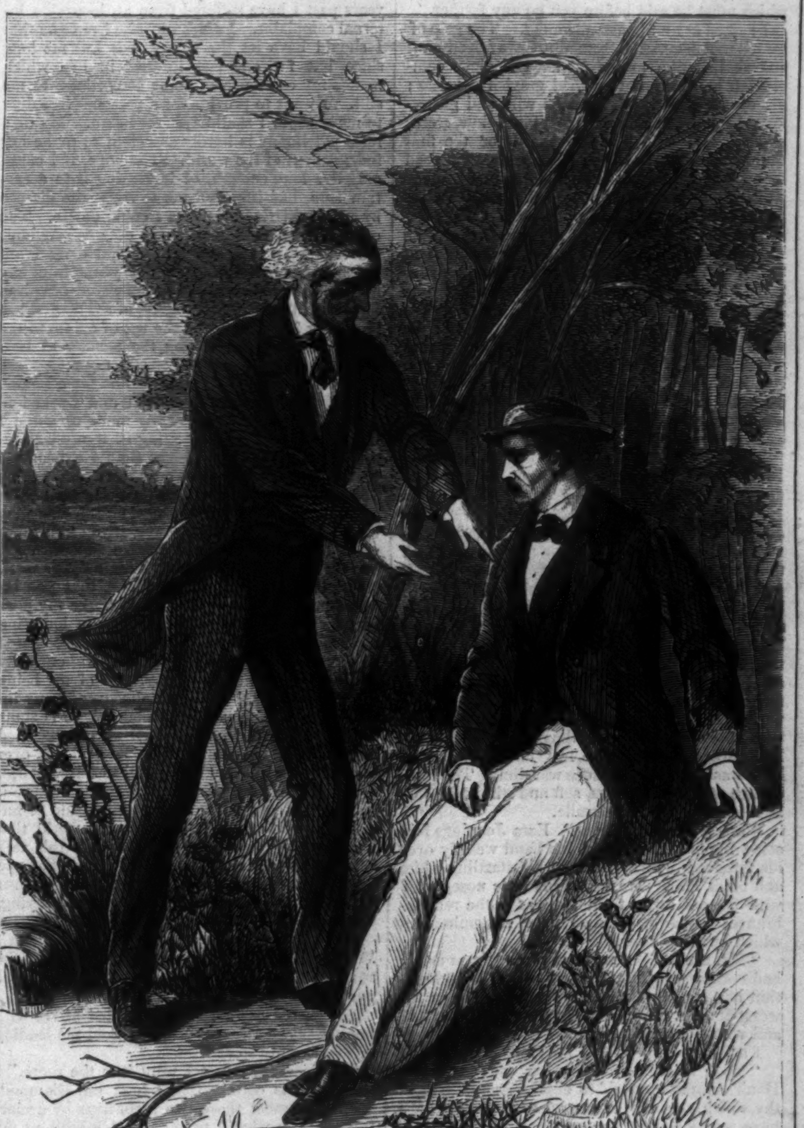
This disappointed me; and I owned it.

"I confess you led me to hope for a less discouraging answer than that," I said.

Ezra Jennings smiled. "It may not perhaps be a final answer, Mr. Blake. It may be possible to trace Mr. Candy's lost recollection without the necessity of appealing to Mr. Candy himself."

"Indeed? Is it an indiscretion on my part to ask—how?"

"By no means. My only difficulty in answering your question is the difficulty of explaining myself. May I trust to your patience if I refer once more to Mr. Candy's illness; and if I speak of it this time without sparing you certain professional details?"



"HAVE *YOU* EVER BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO THE USE OF OPIUM?"

"Pray go on! You have interested me already in hearing the details."

My eagerness seemed to amuse—perhaps I might rather say, to please him. He smiled again. We had by this time left the last houses in the town behind us. Ezra Jennings stopped for a moment and picked some wild flowers from the hedge by the road-side. "How beautiful they are!" he said, simply, showing his little nosegay to me. "And how few people in England seem to admire them as they deserve!"

"You have not always been in England?" I said.

"No. I was born and partly brought up in one of our colonies. My father was an Englishman, but my mother—We are straying away from our subject, Mr. Blake; and it is my fault. The truth is, I have associations with these modest little hedge-side flowers—It doesn't matter; we were speaking of Mr. Candy. To Mr. Candy let us return."

Connecting the few words about himself which thus reluctantly escaped him with the melancholy view of life which led him to place the conditions of human happiness in complete oblivion of the past, I felt satisfied that the story which I had read in his face was, in two particulars at least, the story that it really told. He had suffered as few men suffer; and there was the mixture of some foreign race in his English blood.

"You have heard, I dare say, of the original cause of Mr. Candy's illness?" he resumed. "The night of Lady Verinder's dinner party was a night of heavy rain. My employer drove home through it in his gig, and reached the house wetted to the skin. He found an urgent message from a patient waiting for him, and he most unfortunately went at once to visit the sick person without stopping to change his clothes. I was myself professionally detained that night by a case at some distance from Frizinghall. When I got back the next morning I found Mr. Candy's groom waiting in great alarm to take me to his master's room. By that time the mischief was done; the illness had set in."

"The illness has only been described to me, in general terms, as a fever," I said.

"I can add nothing which will make the description more accurate," answered Ezra Jennings. "From first to last the fever assumed no specific form. I sent at once to two of Mr. Candy's medical friends in the town, both physicians, to come and give me their opinion of the case. They agreed with me that it looked serious; but they both strongly dissented from the view I took of the treatment. We differed entirely in the conclusions which we drew from the patient's pulse. The two doctors, arguing from the rapidity of the beat, declared that a lowering treatment was the only treatment to be adopted. On my side, I admitted the rapidity of the pulse, but I also pointed to its alarming feebleness as indicating an exhausted condition of the system, and as showing a plain necessity for the administration of stimulants. The two doctors were for keeping him on gruel, lemonade, barley-water, and so on. I was for giving him Champagne or brandy, ammonia, and quinine. A serious difference of opinion, as you see! a difference between two physicians of established local repute, and a stranger who was only an assistant in the house. For the first few days I had no choice but to give way to my elders and betters; the patient steadily sinking all the time. I made a second attempt to appeal to the plain, undeniably plain, evidence of the pulse. Its rapidity was unchecked, and its feebleness had increased. The two doctors took offense at my obstinacy. They said, 'Mr. Jennings, either we manage this case, or you manage it. Which is it to be?' I said, 'Gentlemen, give me five minutes to consider, and that plain question shall have a plain reply.' When the time had expired I was ready with my answer. I said, 'You positively refuse to try the stimulant treatment?' They refused in so many words. 'I mean to try it at once, gentlemen.'—'Try it, Mr. Jennings, and we withdraw from the case.' I sent down to the cellar for a bottle of Champagne; and I administered half a tumblerful of it to the patient with my own hand. The two physicians took up their hats in silence, and left the house."

"You had assumed a serious responsibility," I said. "In your place, I am afraid I should have shrunk from it."

"In my place, Mr. Blake, you would have remembered that Mr. Candy had taken you into his employment, under circumstances which made you his debtor for life. In my place, you would have seen him sinking hour by hour; and you would have risked any thing rather than let the one man on earth who had befriended you die before your eyes. Don't suppose that I had no sense of the terrible position in which I had placed myself! There were moments when I felt all the misery of my friendlessness, all the peril of my dreadful responsibility. If I had been a happy man, if I had led a prosperous life, I believe I should have sunk under the task I had imposed on myself. But *I* had no happy time to look back at, no past peace of mind to force itself into contrast with my present anxiety and suspense—and I held firm to my resolution through it all. I took an interval in the middle of the day, when my patient's condition was at its best, for the repose I needed. For the rest of the four-and-twenty hours, as long as his life was in danger, I never left his bedside. Toward sunset, as usual in such cases, the delirium incidental to the fever came on. It lasted more or less through the night, and then intermitted at that terrible time in the early morning—from two o'clock to five—when the vital energies even of the healthiest of us are at their lowest. It is then that Death gathers in his human harvest most abundantly. It was then that Death and I fought our fight over the bed, which should have the man who lay on it. I never hesitated in pursuing the treatment on which I had staked every thing. When wine failed I tried brandy. When the other stimulants lost their influence I doubled the dose. After an interval of suspense—the like of which I hope to God I shall never feel again—there came a day when the rapidity of the pulse slightly, but appreciably, diminished; and, better still, there came also a change in the beat—an unmistakable change to steadiness and strength. *Then* I knew that I had saved him; and then I own I broke down. I laid the poor fellow's wasted hand back on the bed, and burst out crying. An hysterical relief, Mr. Blake—nothing more! Physiology says, and says truly, that some men are born with female constitutions—and I am one of them!"

He made that bitterly professional apology for his tears, speaking quietly and unaffectedly, as he had spoken throughout. His tone and manner, from beginning to end, showed him to be especially, almost morbidly, anxious not to set himself up as an object of interest to me.

"You may well ask why I have wearied you with all these details?" he went on. "It is the only way I can see, Mr. Blake, of properly introducing to you what I have to say next. Now you know exactly what my position was at the time of Mr. Candy's illness, you will the more readily understand the sore need I had of lightening the burden on my mind by giving it, at intervals, some sort of relief. I have had the presumption to occupy my leisure, for some years past, in writing a book, addressed to the members of my profession—a book on the intricate and delicate subject of the brain and the nervous system. My work will probably never be finished; and it will certainly never be published. It has none the less been the friend of many lonely hours; and it helped me to while away the anxious time—the time of waiting, and nothing else—at Mr. Candy's bedside. I told you he was delirious, I think? And I mentioned the time at which his delirium came on?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had reached a section of my book at that time which touched on this same question of delirium. I won't trouble you at any length with my theory on the subject—I will confine myself to telling you only what it is your present interest to know. It has often occurred to me in the course of my medical practice to doubt whether we can justifiably infer—in cases of delirium—that the loss of the faculty of speaking connectedly implies of necessity the loss of the faculty of thinking connectedly as well. Poor Mr. Candy's illness gave me an opportunity of putting this doubt to the test. I understand the art of writing in short-hand; and I was able to take down the patient's 'wanderings' exactly as they fell from his lips. Do you see, Mr. Blake, what I am coming to at last?"

I saw it clearly, and waited with breathless interest to hear more.

"At odds and ends of time," Ezra Jennings went on, "I reproduced my short-hand notes, in the ordinary form of writing—leaving large spaces between the broken phrases, and even the single words, as they had fallen disconnectedly from Mr. Candy's lips. I then treated the result thus obtained on something like the principle which one adopts in putting together a child's 'puzzle.' It is all confusion to begin with; but it may be all brought into order and shape, if you can only find the right way. Acting on this plan, I filled in the blank spaces on the paper with what the words or phrases on either side of it suggested to me as the speaker's meaning; altering over and over again, until my additions followed naturally on the spoken words which came before them, and fitted naturally into the spoken words which came after them. The result was that I not only occupied in this way many vacant and anxious hours, but that I arrived at something which was (as it seemed to me) a confirmation of the theory that I held. In plainer words, after putting the broken sentences together, I found the superior faculty of thinking going on, more or less connectedly, in my patient's mind, while the inferior faculty of expression was in a state of almost complete incapacity and confusion."

"One word!" I interposed, eagerly. "Did my name occur in any of his wanderings?"

"You shall hear, Mr. Blake. Among my written proofs of the assertion which I have just advanced—or, I ought to say, among the written experiments, tending to put my assertion to the proof—there *is* one, in which your name occurs. For nearly the whole of one night Mr. Candy's mind was occupied with *something* between himself and you. I have got the broken words, as they dropped from his lips, on one sheet of paper. And I have got the links of my own discovering, which connect those words together, on another sheet of paper. The product (as the arithmeticians would say) is an intelligible statement—first, of something actually done in the past; secondly, of something which Mr. Candy contemplated doing in the future, if his illness had not got in the way and stopped him. The question is whether this does, or does not, represent the lost recollection which he vainly attempted to find when you called on him this morning?"

"Not a doubt of it!" I answered. "Let us go back directly, and look at the papers!"

"Quite impossible, Mr. Blake."

"Why?"

"Put yourself in my position for a moment," said Ezra Jennings. "Would *you* disclose to another person what had dropped unconsciously from the lips of your suffering patient and your helpless friend, without first knowing that there was a necessity to justify you in opening your lips?"

I felt that he was unanswerable here; but I tried to argue the question, nevertheless.

"My conduct in such a delicate matter as you describe," I replied, "would depend greatly on whether the disclosure was of a nature to compromise my friend or not."

"I have disposed of all necessity for considering that side of the question, long since," said Ezra Jennings. "Wherever my notes included any thing which Mr. Candy might have wished to keep secret, those notes have been destroyed. My manuscript experiments at my friend's bedside include nothing now which he would have hesitated to communicate to others, if he had recovered the use of his memory. In your case I have even reason to suppose that my notes contain something which he actually wished to say to you—"

"And yet, you hesitate?"

"And yet, I hesitate. Remember the circumstances under which I obtained the information which I possess! Harmless as it is, I can not prevail upon myself to give it up to you, unless you first satisfy me that there is a reason for doing so. He was so miserably ill, Mr. Blake! and he was so helplessly dependent upon Me! Is it too much to ask, if I request you only to hint to me what your interest is in the lost recollection—or what you believe that lost recollection to be?"

To have answered him with the frankness which his language and his manner both claimed from me, would have been to commit myself to openly acknowledging that I was suspected of the theft of the Diamond. Strongly as Ezra Jennings had intensified the first impulsive interest which I had felt in him, he had not overcome my unconquerable reluctance to disclose the degrading position in which I stood. I took refuge once more in the explanatory phrases with which I had prepared myself to meet the curiosity of strangers.

This time I had no reason to complain of a want of attention on the part of the person to whom I addressed myself. Ezra Jennings listened patiently, even anxiously, until I had done.

"I am sorry to have raised your expectations, Mr. Blake, only to disappoint them," he said. "Throughout the whole period of Mr. Candy's illness, from first to last, not one word about the Diamond escaped his lips. The matter with which I heard him connect your name has, I can assure you, no discoverable relation whatever with the loss or the recovery of Miss Verinder's jewel."

We arrived, as he said those words, at a place where the highway along which we had been walking branched off into two roads. One led to Mr. Ablewhite's house, and the other to a moorland village some two or three miles off. Ezra Jennings stopped at the road which led to the village.

"My way lies in this direction," he said. "I am really and truly sorry, Mr. Blake, that I can be of no use to you."

His voice told me that he spoke sincerely. His soft brown eyes rested on me for a moment with a look of melancholy interest. He bowed, and went, without another word, on his way to the village.

For a minute or more I stood and watched him, walking farther and farther away from me; carrying farther and farther away with him what I now firmly believed to be the clew of which I was in search. He turned, after walking on a little way, and looked back. Seeing me still standing at the place where we had parted, he stopped, as if doubting whether I might not wish to speak to him again. There was no time for me to reason out my own situation—to remind myself that I was losing my opportunity, at what might be the turning-point of my life, and all to flatter nothing more important than my own self-esteem! There was only time to call him back first, and to think afterward. I suspect I am one of the rashest of existing men. I called him back—and then I said to myself, "Now there is no help for it. I must tell him the truth!"

He retraced his steps directly. I advanced along the road to meet him.

"Mr. Jennings," I said, "I have not treated you quite fairly. My interest in tracing Mr. Candy's lost recollection is not the interest of recovering the Moonstone. A serious personal matter is at the bottom of my visit to Yorkshire. I have but one excuse for not having dealt frankly with you in this matter. It is more painful to me than I can say, to mention to any body what my position really is."

Ezra Jennings looked at me with the first appearance of embarrassment which I had seen in him yet.

"I have no right, Mr. Blake, and no wish," he said, "to intrude myself into your private affairs. Allow me to ask your pardon, on my side, for having (most innocently) put you to a painful test."

"You have a perfect right," I rejoined, "to fix the terms on which you feel justified in revealing what you heard at Mr. Candy's bedside. I understand and respect the delicacy which influences you in this matter. How can I expect to be taken into your confidence if I decline to admit you into mine? You ought to know, and you shall know why I am interested in discovering what Mr. Candy wanted to say to me. If I turn out to be mistaken in my anticipations, and if you prove unable to help me when you are really aware of what I want, I shall trust to your honor to keep my secret—and something tells me that I shall not trust in vain."

"Stop, Mr. Blake. I have a word to say, which must be said before you go any farther."

I looked at him in astonishment. The grip of some terrible emotion seemed to have seized him, and shaken him to the soul. His gipsy complexion had altered to a livid grayish paleness; his eyes had suddenly become wild and glittering; his voice had dropped to a tone—low, stern, and resolute—which I now heard for the first time. The latent resources in the man for good or for evil—it was hard at that moment to say which—leaped up in him and showed themselves to me with the suddenness of a flash of light.

"Before you place any confidence in me," he went on, "you ought to know, and you *must* know, under what circumstances I have been received into Mr. Candy's house. It won't take long. I don't profess, Sir, to tell my story (as the phrase is) to any man. My story will die with me. All I ask is to be permitted to tell you what I have told Mr. Candy. If you are still in the mind, when you have heard that, to say what you have proposed to say, you will command my attention and command my services. Shall we walk on?"

The suppressed misery in his face silenced me. I answered his question by a sign. We walked on.

After advancing a few hundred yards Ezra Jennings stopped at a gap in the rough stone wall which shut off the moor from the road at this part of it.

"Do you mind resting a little, Mr. Blake?" he asked. "I am not what I was—and some things shake me."

I agreed of course. He led the way through the gap to a patch of turf on the heathy ground, screened by bushes and dwarf trees on the side nearest to the road, and commanding in the opposite direction a grandly desolate view over the broad brown wilderness of the moor. The clouds had gathered within the last half hour. The light was dull; the distance was dim. The lovely face of Nature met us, soft and still and colorless—met us without a smile.

We sat down in silence. Ezra Jennings laid aside his hat, and passed his hand wearily over his forehead, wearily through his startling white and black hair. He tossed his little nosegay of wild flowers away from him, as if the remembrances which it recalled were remembrances which hurt him now.

"Mr. Blake!" he said, suddenly, "you are in bad company. The cloud of a horrible accusation has rested on me for years. I tell you the worst at once. I am a man whose life is a wreck, and whose character is gone."

I attempted to speak. He stopped me.

"No," he said. "Pardon me; not yet. Don't commit yourself to expressions of sympathy which you may afterward wish to recall. I have mentioned an accusation which has rested on me for years. There are circumstances in connection with it that tell against me. I can not bring myself to acknowledge what the accusation is. And I am incapable, perfectly incapable, of proving my innocence. I can only assert my innocence. I assert it, Sir, on my oath as a Christian. It is useless to appeal to my honor as a man."

He paused again. I looked round at him. He never looked at me in return. His whole being seemed to be absorbed in the agony of recollecting, and in the effort to speak.

"There is much that I might say," he went on, "about the merciless treatment of me by my own family, and the merciless enmity to which I have fallen a victim. But the harm is done; the wrong is beyond all remedy now. I decline to weary or distress you, Sir, if I can help it. At the outset of my career in this country, the vile slander to which I have referred struck me down at once and forever. I resigned my aspirations in my profession—obscurity was the only hope left for me. I parted with the woman I loved—how could I condemn her to share my disgrace? A medical assistant's place offered itself, in a remote corner of England. I got the place. It promised me peace; it promised me obscurity, as I thought. I was wrong. Evil report, with time and chance to help it, travels patiently, and travels far. The accusation from which I had fled followed me. I got warning of its approach. I was able to leave my situation voluntarily, with the testimonials that I had earned. They got me another situation, in another remote district. Time passed again; and again the slander that was death to my character found me out. On this occasion I had no warning. My employer said, 'Mr. Jennings, I have no complaint to make against you; but you must set yourself right, or leave me.' I had but one choice—I left him. It's useless to dwell on what I suffered after that. I am only forty years old now. Look at my face, and let it tell for me the story of some miserable years. It ended in my drifting to this place, and meeting with Mr. Candy. He wanted an assistant. I referred him, on the question of capacity, to my last employer. The question of character remained. I told him what I have told you—and more. I warned him that there were difficulties in the way, even if he believed me. 'Here, as elsewhere,' I said, 'I scorn the guilty evasion of living under an assumed name; I am no safer at Frizinghall than at other places from the cloud that follows me, go where I may.' He answered, 'I don't do things by halves—I believe you, and I pity you. If *you* will risk what may happen, *I* will risk it too.' God Almighty bless him! He has given me shelter, he has given me employment, he has given me rest of mind—and I have the certain conviction (I have had it for some months past) that nothing will happen now to make him regret it."

"The slander has died out?" I said.

"The slander is as active as ever. But when it follows me here it will come too late."

"You will have left the place?"

"No, Mr. Blake—I shall be dead. For ten years past I have suffered from an incurable internal complaint. I don't disguise from you that I should have let the agony of it kill me long since but for one last interest in life, which makes my existence of some importance to me still. I want to provide for a person—very dear to me—whom I shall never see again. My own little patrimony is hardly sufficient to make her independent of the world. The hope, if I could only live long enough, of increasing it to a certain sum, has impelled me to resist the disease by such palliative means as I could devise. The one effectual palliative in my case, is—opium. To that all-potent and all-merciful drug I am indebted for a respite of many years from my sentence of death. But even the virtues of opium have their limit. The progress of the disease has gradually forced me from the use of opium to the abuse of it. I am feeling the penalty at last. My nervous system is shattered; my nights are nights of horror. The end is not far off now. Let it come—I have not lived and worked in vain. The little sum is nearly made up; and I have the means of completing it, if my last reserves of life fail me sooner than I expect. I hardly know how I have wandered into telling you this. I don't think I am mean enough to appeal to your pity. Perhaps, I fancy you may be all the readier to believe me, if you know that what I have said to you I have said with the certain knowledge in me that I am a dying man. There is no disguising, Mr. Blake, that you interest me. I have attempted to make my poor friend's loss of memory the means of bettering my acquaintance with you. I have speculated on the chance of your feeling a passing curiosity about what he wanted to say, and of my being able to satisfy it. Is there no excuse for my intruding myself on you? Perhaps there is some excuse. A man who has lived as I have lived has his bitter moments when he ponders over human destiny. You have youth, health, riches, a place in the world, a prospect before you—you, and such as you, show me the sunny side of human life, and reconcile me with the world that I am leaving, before I go. However this talk between us may end, I shall not forget that you have done me a kindness in doing that. It rests with you, Sir, to say what you proposed saying, or to wish me good-morning."

I had but one answer to make to that appeal. Without a moment's hesitation I told him the truth as unreservedly as I have told it in these pages.

He started to his feet, and looked at me with breathless eagerness as I approached the leading incident of my story.

"It is certain that I went into the room," I said; "it is certain that I took the Diamond. I can only meet those two plain facts by declaring that, do what I might, I did it without my own knowledge. *You* may believe that I have spoken the truth—"

Ezra Jennings caught me excitedly by the arm.

"Stop!" he said. "You have suggested more to me than you suppose. Have *you* ever been accustomed to the use of opium?"

"I never tasted it in my life."

"Were your nerves out of order at this time last year? Were you unusually restless and irritable?"

"Yes."

"Did you sleep badly?"

"Wretchedly. Many nights I never slept at all."

"Was the birthday night an exception? Try and remember. Did you sleep well on that one occasion?"

"I do remember! I slept soundly."

He dropped my arm as suddenly as he had taken it—and looked at me with the air of a man whose mind was relieved of the last doubt that rested on it.

"This is a marked day in your life and in mine," he said, gravely. "I am absolutely certain, Mr. Blake, of one thing—I have got what Mr. Candy wanted to say to you, this morning, in the notes that I took at my patient's bedside. Wait! that is not all. I am firmly persuaded that I can prove you to have been unconscious of what you were about when you entered the room and took the Diamond. Give me time to think, and time to question you. I believe the vindication of your innocence is in my hands!"

"Explain yourself, for God's sake! What do you mean?"

In the excitement of our colloquy we had walked on a few steps beyond the clump of dwarf trees which had hitherto screened us from view. Before Ezra Jennings could answer me he was hailed from the high-road by a man, in great agitation, who had been evidently on the look-out for him.

"I am coming," he called back; "I am coming as fast as I can!" He turned to me. "There is an urgent case waiting for me at the village yonder; I ought to have been there half an hour since—I must attend to it at once. Give me two hours from this time, and call at Mr. Candy's again—and I will engage to be ready for you."

"How am I to wait!" I exclaimed, impatiently. "Can't you quiet my mind by a word of explanation before we part?"

"This is far too serious a matter to be explained in a hurry, Mr. Blake. I am not willfully trying your patience—I should only be adding to your suspense if I attempted to relieve it as things are now. At Frizinghall, Sir, in two hours' time!"

The man on the high-road hailed him again. He hurried away and left me.

A LAKE OF PITCH.

THE great sight of the West Indies is the Pitch Lake of Trinidad. The reef that formerly inclosed the little harbor has been all exported, for pitch, by an enterprising foreigner; but the boat grounds on pitch—you step ashore on a pitch wharf—pitch is stored on it—you see pitch every where—the air is full of pitch—the conversation is all on the price of pitch. A more dreary looking place I have never seen, and as a residence it is even worse than it looks. The few Europeans who live here, or who visit the place frequently, suffer acutely from fever and ague, and the remainder of the population, the modern Piceni—although they seem to have wonderfully adapted their color, like trout in a stream, to the locality in which they live, yet are unable to acclimatize themselves to the fatal atmosphere.

Declining the honor of a seat in a country cart drawn by bullocks, which was going up to the lake, we started on foot, as we had not to walk more than a mile from the shore. The first part of the road had unfortunately just been "improved" by the Warden; that is, a ditch had been dug on either side—a desirable thing in itself—and the mud, lumps of pitch and turf, had all been thrown into the middle of the road. Luckily, the Warden's energy or his money had not enabled him to carry his improvements far, and we soon came to the track in its original state: a very fair road of natural asphalt, pleasant to walk on, hard and springy. Leaving behind us the few scattered hovels that constitute the village (wretched in themselves, but surrounded by beautiful flowers and splendid pineapples, for which La Brea is famous), we came out on a most desolate tract, whence the wood had been cleared for timber or by fire, and where many experiments in pitch digging had been made. One's impression naturally is, that where pitch enters so very largely into the composition of the soil, an accidental fire in the woods would soon become inextinguishable and convert the whole district into "Phlegræan Plains," but fortunately the pitch on the surface does not burn.

As the road gradually ascended it was curious to see how the overlapping layers of pitch assumed a curve, bulging down hill, reminding one somewhat of lava currents, or of Professor Forbes's ingenious experiment for illustrating his theory of the semi-viscous nature of glaciers. Half a mile more brought us to the lake itself. At the first view the whole lie of it is exactly like that of any other small lake in a forest, and one does not notice that it is filled with pitch instead of water. There are the swampy-looking tufts of rushes and rough grass on the margin, the forest ends in a clearly-marked line all round, and several islands covered with trees and bushes are dotted over the surface of the lake. The momentary illusion is quickly dispelled by the color and solid appearance of the flood. The pitch is, throughout nearly the whole surface, hard enough to walk over with perfect safety. It has a peculiarly clean look, and my first impression was that the top had just been removed from the part we first walked over, and that then it had been swept with a very hard broom, or scraped when rather soft, there being the same sort of marks on it that are left by a birch broom on a very soft gravel path. The whole lake is intersected by cracks, or rather valleys, in which the exudations, apparently from different centres, have not quite met. These vary in depth and width, from a few inches to many feet, and at the time of my visit were full of water. In one of the larger I saw a very ugly bull-headed fish, weighing about a quarter of a pound—I presume a "warm-water fish;" but it is surprising that any fish could exist in water so warm and so impregnated with sulphur and other matters. We began to cross these cracks on the back of a very tall negro, but as this involved some delay as well as the risk of disappearing with the negro under the water, should he make a false step, or slip at the critical moment, a long plank was substituted, by the help of which we reached the other side of the lake, tolerably dry, and struck into the forest by a sort of corduroy road. Here are what are called "pitch volcanes"—small mounds not more than two feet, usually, above the level, in the centre a hole about eight inches in diameter. In some of the holes the pitch, which seemed perfectly liquid, was some few feet below the surface; in others it was near the brim, and in others it was oozing over. I could not ascertain that the volcanes ever showed any greater activity. The first part of the road lay through a grove of palm-trees of great beauty and variety—chiefly the fan-palm and Maximiliana insignia—these were succeeded by a dense forest of fine trees. A sharp turn in the path unexpectedly showed that we were again close to the sea, though some fifty feet above the shore, and disclosed one of the most charming views, on a small scale, that I ever saw: the rippling sea dotted with small rocky islets, each capped with foliage; steep red cliffs to the left, overhung with creepers; all around us the tropical forest with its wonderful forms, its marvelous flowers, its profusion of ferns, and the splendid butterflies that "waver, lightly settle, and sleepily swing."

There were drawbacks, however, to the enjoyment of such a scene. I was stepping into the wood to catch a glimpse of an unknown butterfly that had just settled, when the manager warned me that the place was notorious for its snakes, and showed me a specimen of a very venomous one killed that morning. This may be called a national drawback. An artificial drawback is the fact that this most charming bay has been selected as a likely location for an oil well, and the result showed the shrewdness of the manager's calculations, for the borings had "struck ile" in two places. Only those who have seen it and smelled it can fully understand the filth and stench of an oil well. A few whiffs of the fetid fluid as it came up the pipe, and a very cursory inspection of the works, satisfied our curiosity about this tropical Petrolia; and, with one more look at the charming nook as we re-entered the forest path, out of sight and smell of the works, we returned to the lake, in the centre of which some men had been left to dig pitch from two feet at least below the surface. Hitherto the pitch that has been exported has proved a failure for gas purposes; but it had been suggested that this might not be the case if it were taken from some depth under the surface, where it had not been exposed to the action of air and water. A spot was selected where the pitch seemed pure and clean. It was very hard, on and below the surface, and though a large piece would have a certain amount of toughness and elasticity, like partially hardened blue clay, yet it chipped and flew at every stroke of the pick. I noticed that, even on the hardest parts, the ferrule of my umbrella gradually sank down, if pressed upon; and I was assured that in forty-eight hours the large hole that had now been dug would be completely filled up again. A few yards distant from where we stood the surface was quite soft—too soft to walk swiftly over—and I could not but shudder at the thought of the possibility of being embalmed alive in pitch. This soft part was usually of a lighter brown color, nearly as fluid as treacle. Owing, I presume, to the quantity of water with it we took some up in our hands and were not "defiled," except by a slight smell remaining on the fingers. In this softer part there were constant small discharges of gas, fetid sighs emitted from the bubbling mass, with small squirts of water and beautifully-colored bubbles. This was the only part of the lake where any thing like action seemed to be going on.

The negroes shouldered the barrels of pitch (one of them soon went headlong, barrel and all, into one of the cracks) and carried them off to the cart on the side of the lake. We started on a shorter line for the bank; but we had not gone many steps before the thunder-storm which had long been threatening burst over us in all its fury. No one who has not experienced the power of a storm in the tropics, at the beginning of the rainy season, can fully appreciate our situation on the exposed surface of the lake. The immediate effect was to convert the whole of the lake, the cracks having been previously full of water, into a hissing sea of bubbles; and they, with the splash of the huge rain-drops, made it impossible to see whether the water was deep or shallow. Our plank and our tall negro were not then at our disposition, and, being without even a stick, our only means of testing the depth was by the booted legs of one of the party. As long as the water was not much above his knees we followed him; but that quarter of a mile, occupying a long half hour, was very tedious and unpleasant before we were once more on comparatively dry land. The road back to the village was converted into a dirty, whirling torrent, carrying down on its surface a brown, dusty substance that seemed not to mix with the water. This was bad enough, but it was pleasant walking compared to the Warden's "improvements;" through which we eventually dragged ourselves to await the return of the steamer.

INVENTIVE INSECTS.

WIRE-WORKERS.

WE *might* have got our illustration of wire-drawing from the silk-worm. "You may sometimes have seen," says the Abbé de la Pluche, "in the work-rooms of goldsmiths or gold-wire drawers, certain iron plates, pierced with holes of different calibres, through which they draw gold and silver wire in order to render it finer. The silk-worm has under her mouth such a kind of instrument, perforated with a pair of holes (Lyonnet says these are united into one on the outside), through which she draws two drops of the gum that fills her two bags. These instruments are like a pair of distaffs for spinning the gum into a silken thread. She fixes the first drop of gum that issues where she pleases, and then draws back her head, or lets herself fall, while the gum, continuing to flow, is drawn out and lengthened into a double stream. Upon being exposed to the air it immediately loses its fluidity, becomes dry, and acquires consistence and strength."

TAILORS.

Look at the insect tailors at their operations of cutting-out, sewing, and making coats of many colors. A sailor would find it no easy process to cut for himself a suit of clothes out of a set sail, holding the while only by the portion that he was cutting. Yet this is an operation performed every day by the tent-making caterpillars. These creatures are so minute that it requires close observation to discover them, even with their habitations on their backs. The tents are from a quarter of an inch to an inch in length, and usually about the breadth of an oat-straw. They are composed of a piece of leaf, artfully separated from the upper layer, as a person might separate one of the leaves of paper from a sheet of pasteboard. The caterpillar, gnawing a hole through one of the two outer membranes of the leaf, eats away the pulp between the membranes, leaving the latter white and transparent. These, as Réaumur has remarked, are in fact to the insect like a piece of cloth in the hands of a tailor; and no tailor could cut out a shape with more neatness and dexterity than this little workman does. As the caterpillar is furnished in its mandibles with an excellent pair of scissors, this may not appear to be a difficult task; yet, when we examine the matter more minutely, we find that the peculiar shape of the two extremities requires different curvatures, and this, of course, renders the operation no less complex than the shaping of the pieces of cloth for a coat. Réaumur one day surprised a caterpillar in the act of making its garment. It had thought to let the ready-joined edge of the membranes serve for one side of it; but the naturalist cut off the indentations of the leaf, and loosened the membranes along that line. At once the little tailor sewed the two edges together, and then proceeded to its subsequent operations. The clothes-moth caterpillar, like man himself, is born without clothing, and its first care is to provide itself with a domicile. When it increases in length it takes care to add to the length of its house by working in fresh hairs at either end, and if it be shifted to stuffs of different colors, it may be made to construct a parti-colored tissue like a Scotch plaid.

TRAPPERS.

The inventor of lobster-pots is not known, they say, and history has likewise failed to record the name of the man who first made wire mouse-traps with conical entrances, into which the mice can squeeze themselves, but exit from which is impossible. But though the principle had not been applied to lobsters or mice, it was in existence ages upon ages ago. Before human emperors had been invented, and very probably long before mankind had been placed on our earth, the caterpillar of the emperor moth wove its wondrous cell, and thereby became a silent teacher to the cunning race of mankind how to make mouse-traps and lobster-pots. The cocoon spun by the emperor moth is in the form of a Florence flask, and of strong silk so thickly woven that it appears almost like damask or leather. It differs from most other cocoons in not being closed at the upper or smaller end, which terminates in a narrow circular aperture formed by the convergence of little bundles of silk gummed together, and almost as elastic as whalebone. In consequence of all these terminating in needle-shaped points, the entrance of depredators is guarded against, while the moth, when it comes to perfection, can easily walk out of the cocoon. The elastic silk gives way upon being pushed from within, and when the insect is fairly out it shuts again of its own accord, like a door with spring hinges—a circumstance which at first puzzled Roesel not a little when he saw a fine large moth in his box, and the cocoon apparently in the same state as when he put it there.

Now any observant member of the human race who had been meditating upon traps, and happened in a contemplative mood to open one of these cocoons, would feel a new light break in upon him, and, Archimedes-like, would exclaim "Eureka!" or its equivalent, "I have found my trap!" Reverse the process, make the converging threads to lead into instead of out of the trap, and the thing is done. "I will make it of wire, put it on my shelf, and I catch mice and rats. I will make it of osier, sink it to the bottom of the sea, and I catch lobsters and crabs. I will lay it in a rapid, and I catch roach and dace. I will place it under the river-banks, and then I have crayfish."

The cocoon of the hawthorn saw-fly, exposed with its occupant all through the winter upon leafless hedges, is composed of a material tough as leather, but much harder. When the perfect fly wishes to make its exit, it cuts a singular trap-door, never failing in its circular excision to leave entire just such a portion as serves for an attachment and a hinge.

Réaumur placed the pupæ of various species of insects in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, and at every fresh stroke of the piston their bodies both bulged out and became elongated; because, as he inferred, the envelope is not pervious to the air contained in the body, and the spiracles do not allow of its escape with sufficient rapidity to keep pace with the exhaustion of the receiver. Upon examining the structure of the spiracles he further discovered that their mouths are furnished with ciliary valves, which are shut when the pupa is plunged into water, but opened again when it is taken out. This circumstance accounts for the swelling of the body under the exhausted receiver, for it may be supposed the animal would closely shut the valves when it felt the air forcibly extracted from its body.

PATTERN DESIGNERS.

Perforated patterns for zinc ventilators and safe-sides may be suggested by the apparatus constructed by the caddis-worm for protection during its state of inactivity and helplessness. Feeling its change approaching, it weaves at the entrance of its gallery a grating of its singular indissoluble silk. De Geer describes one of these gratings as pierced all over with holes, disposed in concentric circles, separated by ridges running from the centre to the circumference, though not quite so regularly as the spokes of a wheel. Other ridges, again, are made to traverse the concentric rays, following the course of the circles or holes, in such a manner as to form compartments, each having a hole in its centre. Réaumur found that these holes were for the purpose of breathing, by admitting a current of fresh water, effected, no doubt, by the spiracles of the pupa; and he actually saw the gratework in alternate motion from convex to concave as the water passed out and in.

Some of these pupæ, like the insect eggs before referred to, would furnish the designer with shapes and patterns, though perhaps not quite of equal elegance. The pupa of the blow-fly, for instance, rounded and tapering toward both ends, with rings at equal distances, reminds one of the little jars used for tobacco or for anchovy paste.

LIGHTNING-PROOF HOUSE-BUILDERS.

All who have occasion to use a metal tea-pot know that pieces of ivory are introduced into the handle as non-conductors. The principle is of extensive application, and is taken advantage of in the use of blankets on our beds, thatch on cottage roofs, flannel next the skin, and the use of fur in cold countries. There is a species of solitary bee (*Anthidium manicatum*) which forms the exterior walls of her nest of the wool of pubescent plants, such as rose campion, the quince, cats'-ears, etc., impervious to every change of temperature, apparently aware, long before Count Rumford's experiments, what materials conduct heat most slowly.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Low fares by boats and cars, and "excursion" tickets, and cheap trips, are very good things in their way, and a certain amount of competition is advantageous, and tends to bring prices to a proper level. But sometimes these things are carried a little too far for the safety, and a great deal too far for the comfort, of the traveling public. For a few weeks past the nominal fare to Boston and intermediate places, by way of the Sound steamers, has been greatly reduced from former prices. As a natural result the boats have been excessively crowded. Apparently every body who had a spare dollar invested it in this "splendid trip." That many of the Sound steamers are "splendid" there is no question; but traveling in a motley, crushing crowd becomes a penance rather than a pleasure. On one of the most popular lines the price of state-rooms was not only doubled, but none could be secured in advance until the day of sailing. Of course some cautious, comfort-loving folks did not fancy trusting to uncertainty, and chose another route. Indeed many have expressed their determination to delay taking their "excursion" until the fare was raised a little.

A word of caution may not be amiss. On these crowded boats pickpockets and thieves flourish. They travel to and fro, and reap rich harvests from unsuspicious travelers. Even in ordinary times, when the boats are not crowded, and strict precautions are used, there is danger enough. Now that danger is doubled and trebled. Many have already found the cheap excursion to be uncommonly expensive.

At this season every thing pertaining to the cadets at West Point is interesting to the public in general, and to individual friends in particular. One of the New York newspapers recently criticised the cavalry drills in one or two respects, that seem worthy of attention. It states that, while the cadets are splendid riders, their lives and limbs are unnecessarily jeopardized by the use of vicious horses; and several instances are cited where cadets have been seriously injured at these drills. Certainly courage and skill may be exercised without needless recklessness in regard to life.

In Vermont butter has now fallen so low in price that children may drop their bread with the buttered side downward without causing a financial crisis in the family.

A colored woman was recently ejected from a car on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, in Tennessee, although she had paid the first-class fare, the conductor of the train acting under general orders from the company to exclude negroes from all but second-class cars. The conductor was arrested on a charge of assault and battery, and has been convicted and fined.

It has been reported that the Binghamton Inebriate Asylum was overrun with applications for admission from wives of clergymen and professional men, and females generally. One of our daily papers states that the Superintendent of this Asylum has written a reply to this report, in which he says that such allegations are as far from the truth as any thing could be. There has never been a female patient admitted to the Asylum. There have been fifteen or twenty applications for the admission of females during the past year, but most of these were opium cases.

A gentleman traveling in Italy gives, in a private letter, sundry items of interest, one of which we take the liberty of quoting:

"Within a year past a magnificent gallery or 'Passage' has been built in Milan, leading through the block of buildings which lies between the Cathedral and the great theatre La Scala. It exceeds any thing of the kind in Paris. It is in the form of a cross, the streets or passages being about sixty feet wide, with fine mosaic floors. The buildings are five stories high counting the entresol, and the roof is an arch of glass rising from the top. The centre, where the passages cross, is enlarged to form a rotunda of say 170 feet diameter, surmounted by a dome of glass. We stopped in coming to the hotel this evening to take an ice at a café nearly under the dome; and while we were sitting there, L—— spied a man perched up under the edge of the dome. We noticed that a dense crowd soon collected, watching the man; and at the signal of a whistle a light twinkled in his hands and a little car or engine started from him and traveled around the whole circuit of the base of the dome, igniting a gas-burner at every puff of the engine, until the whole dome was illuminated with two hundred lights. The crowd buzzed with satisfaction, and then gradually dispersed."

An exchange from Canada has the following: "Persons in the habit of using brown sugar will be interested, if not pleased, to learn that it has been discovered to be the home of innumerable microscopic insects. They are destroyed by immersion in Canadian whisky."

No more noble act of youthful heroism has ever been recorded than the self-sacrifice of a little girl, aged nine, in the effort to save her brothers and sisters. Four children were playing on Sunday upon the rails of the Northeastern line near Newcastle. An engine and tender came up too swiftly to avoid running over the poor little things. The eldest had escaped, when, looking back, she saw the two youngest mites still toddling on the metals. She rushed back to their assistance, and managed to drag them underneath the engine and clear of the wheels just as the connecting rod of the locomotive struck her down. When picked up a hideous wound on the head showed the brain protruding, and after some lingering agony she died. Her brother, who, like her, had made an effort to escape, was killed on the spot; but the two little ones for whom she had laid down her life were unhurt. In all the history of youthful martyrdom there is no more tearful narration than this.

These terse rules are worth remembering: Pay your debts as soon as you get any money in your pocket. Do without what you don't need. Speak your mind when necessary, hold your tongue when prudent. Cut any acquaintance who lacks principle. Bear with infirmities, but not vice. Respect honesty; despise duplicity. Wear old clothes until you are able to pay for new ones. Aim at comfort and propriety, not fashion. Acknowledge your ignorance, and don't pretend to knowledge you haven't got. Entertain your friends, but never beyond your means.

Garlands of natural flowers are now used in Paris to adorn the hair of ladies in the ball-room. These are kept fresh all the evening by quills being filled with fresh water and sealed at both ends. In these the flower-stalks bathe their tips. Plaits of hair hide the mechanism, and sometimes false hair is rolled round the quill, which is secured by hair-pins afterward.

The refining of sugar is one of the leading manufactures of the city of New York. The value of the present product of the refineries in New York and vicinity is estimated to be about $35,000,000 per annum. The employment of steam in refining sugar was successfully introduced by Messrs. R. L. and A. Stuart; and in their immense establishment, where steam is not only used in the process of refining, but in lifting, hoisting, and pumping, eight large steam boilers are used, which require 8000 tons of anthracite coal a year. About 250,000 gallons of water are consumed daily, some being drawn from wells beneath the building, and some being taken from the Croton Water Department. The sugar is received in hogsheads, boxes, etc., on the first-floor, and hoisted by steam to the upper story where it is emptied. The process of cleansing commences by dissolving it in steam and hot water, the color being extracted by means of chemical and mechanical agents. Then it is passed to vacuum pans heated by steam, and subjected to the subsequent processes by which it is crystallized and refined.

Ladies in Prussia understand how to manage fairs so as to bring in the money. For example, at a fair held in Berlin not long ago, a young lady, by her witty and piquant words, managed to dispose of her stock of goods at enormous prices, and quite fascinated an old gentleman, who asked her,

"Tell me if you sell kisses too?"

"Of course," replied the young lady.

"What is the price of your kisses?"

"A hundred dollars apiece, cash in advance."

"Here are the hundred dollars," said the aged adorer of the lady.

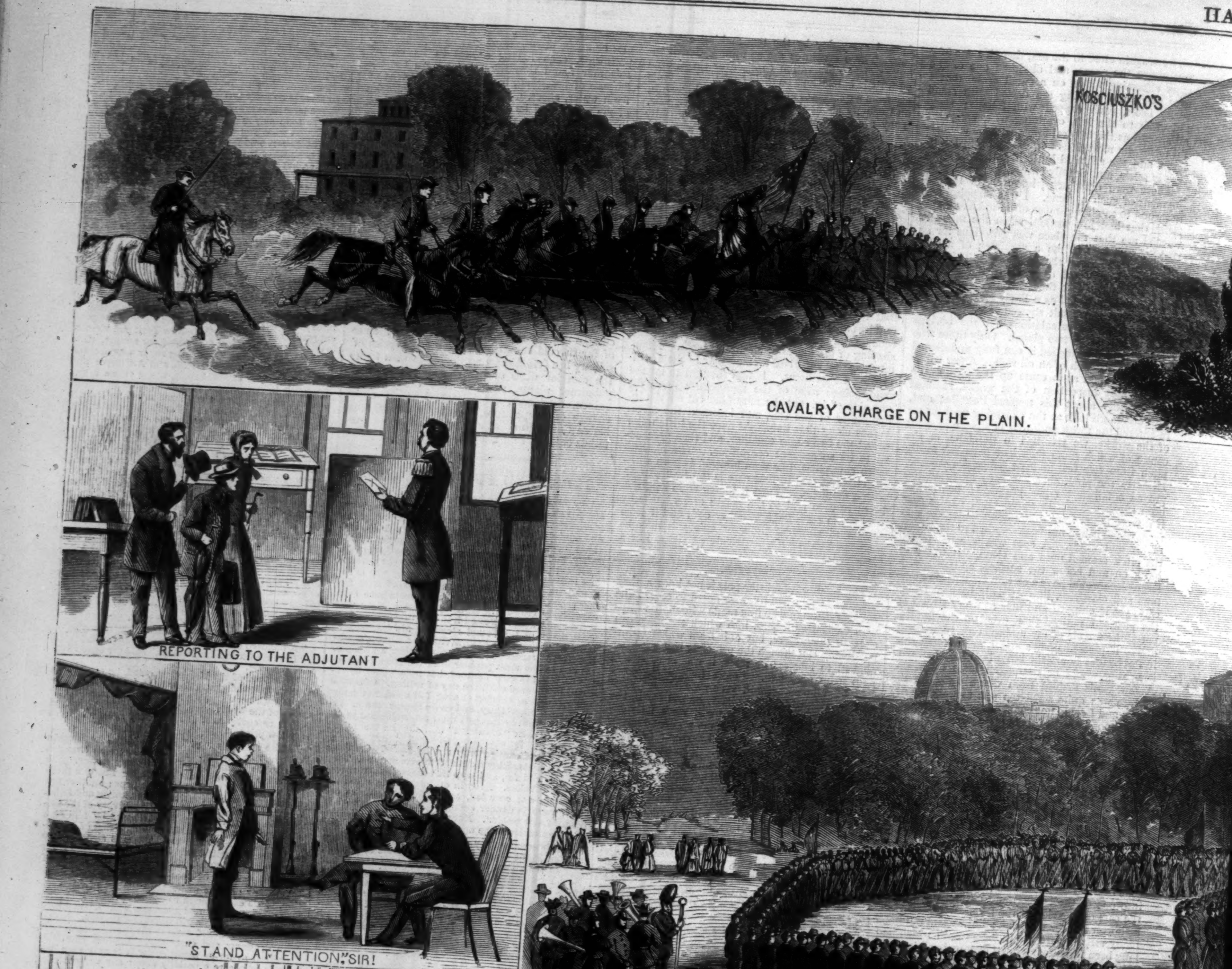
But instead of the kiss he expected, he saw, to his dismay, that the young lady kissed her little white hands with her charming lips to him, amidst the loud cheers of the by-standers, and then took the hundred dollars as coolly as if she had sold something at a very low price.

Manias for collecting all kinds of odd things rage in Paris just at present. Indeed the disease does not seem to be confined to Paris by any means. One gentleman has a museum containing nearly a thousand varieties of steel or metallic pens; another has collected spoons of all ages; another, knives and forks. A beautiful knife and fork, in carved ivory of the sixteenth century, was recently purchased by him at a sale for 4000 francs. Another mania is that of collecting monograms from letters. There is also the rage for buttons, beautiful pebbles, and last, not least, for keys, causing a great rummaging in the stocks of dealers in old iron and locksmiths.

Very few persons understand the art of conversation. It is easy enough to gossip about one's neighbors; but to give real pleasure, and yet avoid all causes of offense, is a gift which few possess. In conversation one should express his thoughts naturally, with openness and simplicity. Egotism should be repressed as far as possible, for it is only very dear friends who care especially about any personalities. Greek or Latin quotations are seldom in good taste; nor is it any improvement to use French terms when English ones convey the meaning equally well. An opinion may be expressed in a dignified, yet conciliatory manner. Some persons never seem to be able to differ from another without putting themselves immediately in a combative attitude, and falling at once into a wordy assault. If they can not find some one to oppose them actually, they will imagine the opposition, and carry on the contest without any other help than a listener gives. Sarcasm should be rarely used; and the good old rule, "Speak evil of no one" is an excellent one. In general it is much safer, in a mixed company especially, to talk of *things* than of *persons*. It is never in good taste to monopolize the conversation; indeed, it is almost as much of an art to be a good *listener* as to be a good talker.

The genus "Woman" has a rather hard time of it nowadays. She is attacked on all sides. Men are exerting their talents and puzzling their brains to find some new disparagement to set afloat about her. A. declares that "nothing is too extraordinary for her vitiated taste;" B. says she "is no longer capable of that myth of past ages, 'love in a cottage;'" C. flatters her in calling her "a thing of accident, spoiled in the making;" D. dubs her "a creature of headachy mornings and nights whirled away in hot rooms;" and E. says things too miserable and derogatory to repeat. There are precious few in the whole alphabet who are gallant, and bold, and honest enough to say, as one has: "We have so much faith in the natural love and appreciation of man for woman that, notwithstanding all the nonsense they [the men] are writing, we are quite sure that she will always occupy the first place in his affections, whether she is strong-minded, or whether she wears a tag of lace and a rose-bud for a bonnet—supposing the two to be incompatible."

It makes one marvel to hear about the "big trees" of California. In the valley between Mariposa and the Falls of the Yosemite is a group of 150 trees, no one of which—so it is said—measures less than 50 feet in circumference. One tree measures 102 feet at the ground, and 90 feet at a short space above the ground, and is upward of 300 feet high. It is supposed that these California giants are of the same genus as the ancient cedars of Lebanon, and from the eccentric rings deposited by the sap it has been estimated that some of these trees are three or four thousand years old. Years ago an immense tree was felled for the purpose of being publicly exhibited. It was 96 feet in circumference at the base, and twenty-five men were five days in bringing it to the ground. The bark of another magnificent tree was removed in sections up to the height of 116 feet, and so marked that it could be put up in precisely the same position that it occupied on the tree. After being exhibited in this country this specimen was carried to London, and remained on exhibition in the Crystal Palace, until it was destroyed by fire in 1866. On the western flanks of the Sierra Nevada surveyors report a tree which measures 106 feet in circumference four feet above the ground.



CAVALRY CHARGE ON THE PLAIN.

KOSCIUSZKO'S

REPORTING TO THE ADJUTANT

"STAND ATTENTION," SIR!

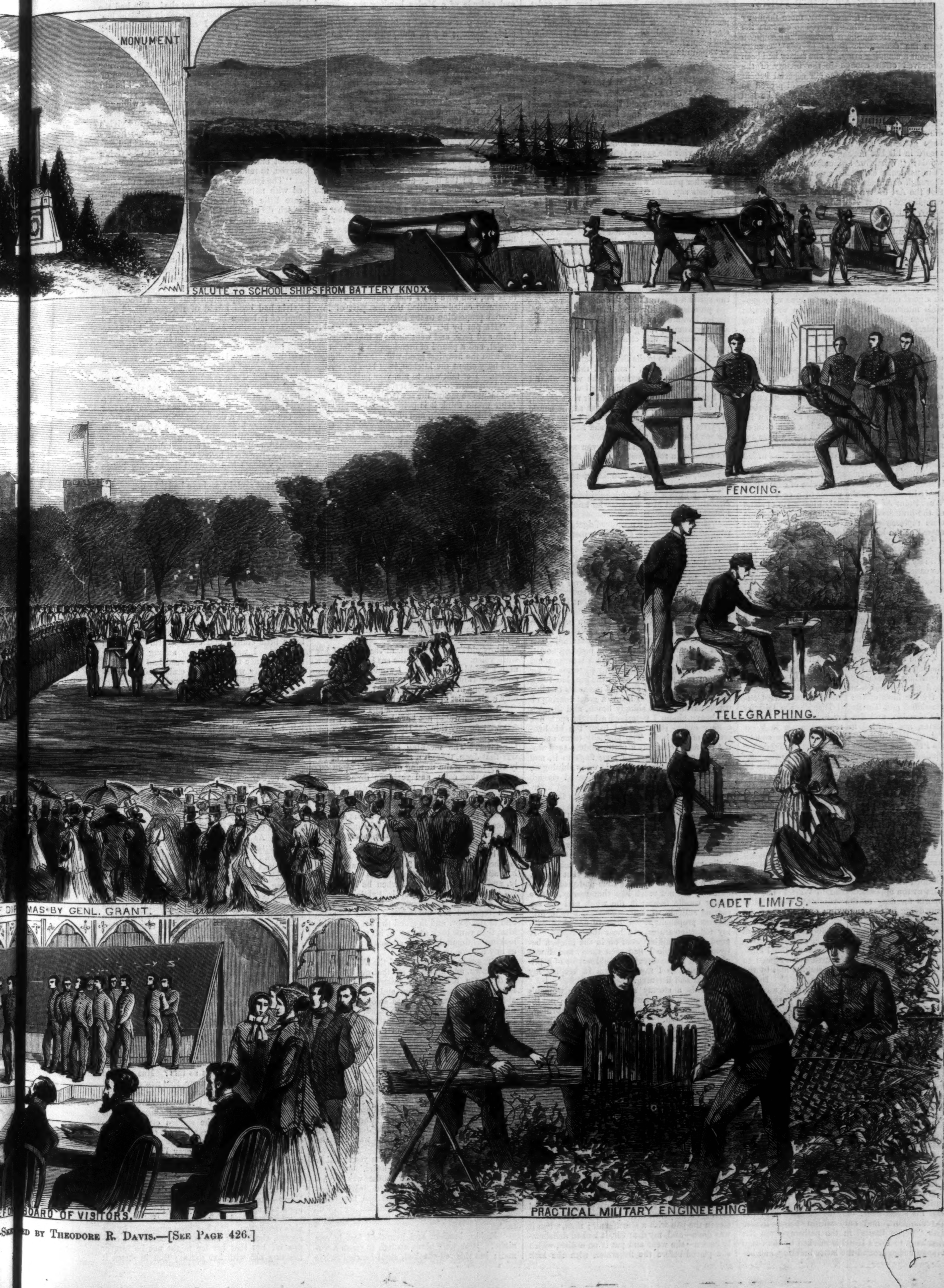
SECTION ROOM

PRESENTATION OF DI

MORTAR PRACTICE.

EXAMINATION BEF

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT.—Ske


MONUMENT
SALUTE TO SCHOOL SHIPS FROM BATTERY KNOX.
FENCING.
TELEGRAPHING.
CADET LIMITS.
F DIPLOMAS BY GENL. GRANT.
F BOARD OF VISITORS.
PRACTICAL MILITARY ENGINEERING

Ske ed by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 426.]

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT.

THE late war in this country, more than any conflict of modern times, served to explode the fallacy of "Heaven-born generals," so common with the democratic people of this "country without a standing army." The fallacy had been disproved often enough in the history of the world, but never before for our especial benefit and to our satisfaction. It was disproved to WASHINGTON'S satisfaction by the time he had finished the Revolution with an army in which there was not an officer, except the foreign soldiers who entered the service, "who knew the difference betwixt a *cheveaux de frise* and a cabbage garden;" and he put that conviction on record in his last message to Congress, in these words: "Whatever arguments may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the Art of War is both comprehensive and complicated; that it demands much previous study, and that the possession of it, in its most improved and perfect state, is always of great moment to the security of a nation." But these words and all past experience was forgotten by succeeding generations, and the present race of Americans fell into the same error, and really came very near discontinuing its only national military school. The idea prevailed that to be a good soldier required only that the man should be a good marksman; that some men were generals intuitively, and no distinction was drawn between impulsive and valiant and inspiring leaders of battalions and cool, deliberate, and enlightened directors of grand armies. But the late war has thoroughly, and it is to be hoped forever, dissipated that error. It has been clearly seen that while numbers of uneducated soldiers, like LOGAN, ROUSSEAU, TERRY, SICKLES, and others, have rose to distinction, it is only the educated West Pointers, like GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, SHERIDAN, and others, who have risen to eminence. The consequence is, that an increased interest in West Point has been evinced since the close of the war; and it has been remarked that this interest was more fully demonstrated at the late examination of the class of '68 than at any previous time.

We have given on pages 424 and 425, as of interest in this connection, a series of engravings partly illustrative of the career of a cadet at the West Point Academy, partly illustrative of some of the branches of the service, and at the same time representations of the actual scenes witnessed at the last examination. On one corner a "Cavalry Charge on the Plains" illustrates the highest branch of the service; on another the artillery service is pictured in the sketch of the cadets firing a salute to the Annapolis Naval School ships from Battery Knox; below, on the left, is a cut showing the cadets engaged in "Mortar Practice," while on the right the embryo engineer is being taught a practical knowledge of military engineering by the construction of Gabions, Fascines, Sap Rollers, etc. In the centre above is the monument "sacred to military virtue in the person of THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO," the engineer of the original defenses of the Hudson erected at West Point. The rest of the engravings represent the career of the cadet, some particulars of which may not be uninteresting.

By the laws of the United States each Congressional and Territorial District, the District of Columbia, and the President of the United States, are entitled to representation in West Point. Each district is entitled to one cadet; the President appoints ten. Each candidate for admission, who must apply by letter to the Secretary of War, must be over 17 and under 22 years of age (unless he has served honorably in the army during the rebellion, in which case the age is extended to 24), over five feet in height, free from any deformity, disease, or infirmity, which would unfit him for active military duty; must be able to read with facility; must be familiar with the tables of addition, substraction, multiplication, and division, vulgar and decimal fractions, simple and compound proportion, English grammar, descriptive geography, and the history of his own country. When he shall have obtained his appointment and commission he repairs at the appointed time to West Point, and reports for duty to the Adjutant, which he is seen doing in our engraving on the left of the large picture. He is sent to his quarters, and here his troubles begin. The older cadets are great hands at a practical joke, and the raw cadet at once finds himself "among the Philistines." He enters the apartment assigned to him only to be brought to a sudden halt by the command to "Stand attention, Sir!" In his fright his room-mates put him through a course of examination involving the most curious answers to the most comical questions. This ordeal at the hands of his class-mates is far more embarrassing than that which he is subsequently called upon to endure in the section-room at the hands of the instructor. On the right of the engraving he is seen under instruction in fencing and in field telegraphing, two important branches of a soldier's education. Below, in the centre, he is seen at the "black-board" on his final examination, which comes to him in June of the fourth year of his cadet life. This is a most serious and important occasion with him, as it fixes his grade in the class and army, or excludes him from both. Some of them are frequently sent back to undergo a fifth year of study, while others are left entirely "out in the cold." In the centre of the page will be found an engraving showing General GRANT distributing the diplomas to the graduating class of 1868.

During his academic career the cadet is not entirely deprived of all social intercourse, but he sees his sweet-heart only by permission of the Commandant, and only within police limits. The "police limits" in the pathway from the Academy to Roe's Hotel is marked by the osage orange hedge around the latter building, and beyond this not even Love can lure the cadet. Here he parts with his fair companion, but he generally lingers a while to see her ascend the steps of the hotel, and disappear in its spacious and hospitable doors. This statement may serve to explain the picture on the right.

SYLVIE'S VOW.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

I AM a quiet, shy old bachelor, and I travel alone; but I protest that I have never failed to be rewarded for my journey by some aspect of scenery or some trait of character I should not, I believe, have found at home. I make it a rule never to visit the same place twice, if I can help doing so; the consequence was, that not wishing to go far last year, and yet requiring sea air, I was rather puzzled whither to bend my steps, as the poets say. In this emergency I applied to Mrs. Berry. She looked at me and shook her head, and sighed, and seemed doubtful.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked.

"Can I?" was my injured reply.

"Well, then, if you will solemnly promise never to reveal the name of the place I shall mention to you—never, especially to those vagrant English, who are the pest of one's life, and who ruin whatever spot they visit, I will tell you of a quiet village on the French coast where you can spend a few weeks in the deepest peace."

I promised readily enough. I got every particular I wanted, and as Mrs. Berry is decidedly a clever woman, though a sharp-tempered one, the information was clear, precise, and to the purpose.

"Mind you go to the Cheval Blanc," she said, by way of conclusion, "and tell the landlady I sent you. Deluded woman! she wept when I left; she wept with joy, thinking I was going to let her have a ship-load of English next season, and she will consider your advent as the herald of her coming prosperity; and also please to ask if Sylvie is still living, and if she has looked at the sea since I was there last."

"Looked at the sea! Did you not say the inn stood on a rock, just above the sea?"

"Of course I did say it; but still put that question, if you please, and bring me the answer."

Now I have a touch of inquisitiveness in my disposition, and Mrs. Berry, who knows it, only spoke thus to provoke me.

"There you are in a precious fidget," she said, triumphantly; "come, I will have mercy on you, and tell you what I know of Sylvie."

"I like the name, Mrs. Berry."

"That's nonsense!" coolly replied Mrs. Berry, in her supercilious way; "Sylvie is a red-cheeked, sturdy girl, and the cook at the Cheval Blanc—no more. Nevertheless, there is something in her, as you can learn, if you will but listen. I don't know what took me to the Cheval Blanc. A whim, I suppose, and an aversion to English society. There was certainly no fear of my meeting any there. I arrived late one evening. The night was dark and starless, and a strong northwesterly wind was blowing. I took it for granted that the village was delightfully picturesque, for I got a sad jolting to reach the inn, but I saw nothing of it. All I saw was the mass of cliffs looming above me. I heard a great roaring of waves dashing on a shingly beach, and through the heavy gloom I perceived a bright spot, like a fiery eye. It proceeded from the kitchen-hearth of the inn. The landlady came out to receive me. She was a plain, middle-aged woman, in a white cap with long flaps to it, and with gold ear-rings, and a gold cross shining on her brown neck. She looked amazed enough when I alighted from the car. I learned afterward that I was the first woman whom the Cheval Blanc had ever seen. And yet the poor fellow dangling above the door and tossed by many a sea-breeze, had seen some company in his day. I crossed the kitchen, and did not much mind a man and woman in it. The landlady went up stairs to prepare a room for me, and, in the mean while, made me sit in a sort of pantry behind the kitchen. She concluded, I suppose, that I must, being a lady, also be unsociable and prefer solitude. I did not much like that pantry, with a lonely candle flaring in the wind, and the sea roaring sullenly without. Besides, I have gregarious propensities. I like to associate with my fellow-creatures and hear their voices. A good deal of talking went on in the kitchen between the couple I had seen there, and I was glad of it. The discourse could not be of a private nature, so I saw no harm in keeping my door ajar and listening.

"'This a stormy night!' said the woman's voice—and a very scornful voice it was; 'not it.'

"'There will be a gale before the morning,' replied the man.

"This speaker had rather heavy and sullen tones. The woman answered him with a little short laugh, more scornful than her voice itself; then a great sound of something frying on the fire prevented me from hearing the rest, if any thing else was, indeed, spoken between these two. I could not resist the temptation of peeping at them. I saw them very well, though they were too much intent on looking at each other to see me.

"The kitchen was an old-fashioned one, with a deep stone chimney, as large as many a modern room. The man sat in one corner of this recess. He was a sturdy young fellow, with a woolen cap and jacket, and a pair of huge boots, which told me his calling; this was a fisherman. The woman stood holding the handle of a frying-pan. She was Sylvie, a strong-built girl, with red cheeks, harsh features, and a defiant look and carriage that struck me. She tossed up her omelet in the pan with a scornful air; then, when it was done—and, my dear Sir, it looked deliciously brown—she went and put it on a dish, which she placed before the fisherman with the look and attitude of a Medea handing the poisoned bowl to Theseus.

"'Not that you need be in such a hurry, she said; 'there is a gale, and you will not go out to-night.'

"The young man put down his knife and fork, and looked at her. His features were tanned with exposure, but I was struck with the mild reproach of his blue eye; and dark as many a wintry gale and many a summer sun had made his cheek I could see it reddening with something that seemed more like pain than resentment at the taunt. Harsh-featured though she was this Sylvie was a woman. She could not resist that look. She walked round his chair, put her arm around his neck, and softly kissed his cheek. I am not sure that he returned the caress. He did not, indeed, reject it, but he leaned his elbow on the table, and rested his cheek on his hand, like one in pain, and all the while—so foolish are lovers—the omelet was getting cold.

"Sylvie, indeed, was the first to remember the fact. She kissed him again. I saw her sin had been a deep one; then pushed the plate nearer to him, and uttered an imperative 'Mangez donc.'

"Mr. Grant, a friend of mine, once assured me that man was made to obey woman; and he kindly added, that when he did not comply with that law of his nature every thing was at sixes and sevens. I dare not follow his conjecture thus far, but sure am I that Jean—so was the fisherman called—fulfilled the first part of Mr. Grant's proposition to the letter.

"He put by his dejected looks, took up his knife and fork, and went through that delicious omelet, and a pound of bread, and a jugful of cider with the heartiest good-will. Sylvie, though still busy about the kitchen, kept him in conversation. Her talk was, to me, very peculiar.

"'Do listen to it—how it roars!' she said. It was plain she meant the sea by that scornful 'it.' 'One would think it is going to eat us all up—cliffs, village, church, and all!'

"This ironical speech was followed by another little short laugh, which seemed like a note of defiance to the Atlantic without.

"Jean took the part of the sea.

"'It gives us fish,' he said, 'and fish gives us money, and—'

"Sylvie stamped her foot and shook her clenched hands, but not at him.

"'I hate it,' she stammered; 'I hate it.'

"'This is a very extraordinary woman,' I thought; 'she evidently has a quarrel with the sea.'

"And still the placid Jean took the poor persecuted ocean's part.

"'God made it,' he said, 'and—'

"Sylvie would not let him go on.

"'He also made devils,' she interrupted; 'and I hate the devil, and I hate the sea.'

"She looked sullen and really angry now; but Jean was evidently a blunderer.

"'I know you were afraid of it once, and—'

"No speech of his was to be completed this evening.

"'Afraid!' she screamed, at the pitch of her shrill voice. 'I afraid of the sea! If I were a man I would ride over it. I would whip it,' she added, working herself up to a sort of rage, and unconscious in her wrath, poor girl, that she was only a plagiarist of the Persian King.

"I can not tell you how this girl began to interest me. I would not have lost a word of what followed for any thing. However, I am not going to repeat all that passed between Sylvie and her lover. The meaning and substance of it was that Jean, though a fisherman, and evidently only waiting the turning of the tide to go off, stood in that calm, and yet deep dread of the sea which you find in the very bravest of his class; and that Sylvie, in her insolent defiance of the mighty element, looked upon such dread or awe—call it what you will—as a sort of cowardice, which she scorned. This feeling of hers she wanted Jean to share, and she became a very Circe in her endeavors to coax him out of his own belief into her own. She praised him, she laughed at him, she was fond and sarcastic, and it availed her not. Jean smoked his pipe placidly, and heard her out, and when he had done, got up with a quiet 'Au revoir, Sylvie.'

"'Au revoir,' she answered, shortly; but she soon repented her unkindness. She followed him to the door, and lingered there a while with him, then came back and sat in his vacant chair, looking as dreamily at the embers on the hearth as any heroine in a novel.

"Presently the landlady of the White Horse came down, and informed me that my room was ready. On hearing her mistress Sylvie had started up from her dream and busied herself about the kitchen. She was stooping over the fire as I passed on my way up stairs. Her bent face looked flushed; and it seemed to me that this harsh, defiant scorner of the sea had been crying.

"'You have a very strange girl,' I said to the landlady, as I got up to my room.

"'Strange! Surely not. There is no one strange about the Cheval Blanc, thank Heaven!'

"'Oh! I do not mean unpleasantly strange! but she does so hate the sea.'

"'It would be strange if she did not, considering that the sea took from her father, brother, and betrothed in one night.' So Jean was not a first love, poor fellow! That was why she snubbed him so.

"'I thought,' said I, 'that fine young fellow down stairs was Sylvie's sweet-heart.'

"'So he is; but his elder brother was her betrothed. Jean had always liked Sylvie, however; and after the misfortune had happened, two years ago, he gradually persuaded her to listen to him, and they are to be married next winter.'

"Father, brother, and betrothed lost in one night! Here were blows enough to crush a woman; but this red-cheeked, stout-hearted Sylvie had not been conquered, not she! She had the spirit of a heroine, had that cook in a village inn. I admired her, and I said so. My landlady looked grave.

"'Sylvie was a first-rate cook. No one could equal her in an omelet aux fines herbes, and her onion-soup was like none other;' but the owner of the Cheval Blanc thought this open hatred of the sea a mere defiance of Providence. She did not admire it, not a bit.

"What was more, she was not very willing to talk about it. Perhaps she had some superstitious dread lest the chastisement due to Sylvie's iniquity should be visited on the whole household; and though this apprehension was not sufficient to counterbalance the merits of Sylvie's omelet and onion-soup, it was strong enough, maybe, to render her silent.

"The ignorant, unless they happen to be gifted with naturally strong and observant minds, care little for those peculiarities of character which do not affect daily life. Another girl, a sort of chamber-maid, who came up when her mistress had departed, proved equally impenetrable. Sylvie was a good girl, she said, and she must have her own way. It was dreadful to lose one's father, brother, and lover in one night—but then, Jean was so good, and so forth. Beyond this I could not lead her; yet some glimmerings of Sylvie's past life I gathered from her. Jean's imputation had been a true one; Sylvie had been afraid of the sea, afraid and fond of it before her great calamity. She had loved its grandeur and beauty, but she had never ventured more than once upon it. Sea-sickness had been her excuse; but fear, said Josephine, had been her real reason. And now fear and love had turned to this deadly hate.

"My bed was a good one—as good a one as I ever slept on, but my eyes did not close once the whole of that night. The wind blew with a wild, desolate moan, and the sea beat at the foot of the cliff with a deafening voice—such a voice as you never hear save from the Atlantic in its fury. Toward morning the great din gradually lessened, and I fell into a slight doze. When I woke, Sylvie stood before me with a jug of warm water, which I had ordered the evening before for that hour.

"'What a night we have had!' I said.

"'Yes,' she replied, carelessly; 'a rough night and strong wind.'

"'But it was the sea which made that terrible noise.'

"Sylvie did not answer. I was a stranger, and not to me would she pour forth the story of her wrongs and of her hatred. I longed to question her, but dared not. That girl had suffered much, and sorrow is, or ought to be, a guard from all intrusive questioning. I dressed myself and went out. The village lay in a narrow cleft of the rocks behind me. Before me I saw the shingly beach, a long stretch of gray sea, with deep sharp ridges of white foam, a cloudy, tempestuous sky, and high up on the cliffs to my left a little church and church-yard. The tide was out. I wandered away among the briny rocks, whence the long sea-weed had been torn by the angry waves; dead crabs and sea anemones floated in the shallow pools of sea-water; every thing had suffered from the night's tempest. I thought of the young fisherman, and wondered how he had fared. I had expressed some uneasiness on his account before I left the inn, but my landlady had replied, hurriedly, that there was no fear; that Jean and his companions had got out of the reach of the storm long before it began. As Sylvie, whom I had not perceived when I spoke, then emerged from a dark corner of the kitchen, I did not know whether the reply was dictated by truth or by kindness.

"I never did like suspense in narrative. Of course, you know what is coming, because if it were not coming I should not have had this story to tell. As I was wandering among the rocks, thinking rather anxiously of the poor fellow, a shrill, wild cry, that was scarcely human, so desperate was its agony, was heard over the whole beach. I felt struck with horror. At first I saw nothing, for a sharp point of cliff stood between me and the spot whence that cry had proceeded. I hurried on, I saw a group, I joined it. There lay Jean himself, and bending above him there was Sylvie, ashy white, and after uttering that wild cry, silent as death. The men in woolen caps and jackets around me spoke. Jean's boat must have been caught almost by the first wave when he went out, and at once dashed to pieces. Not a board, not an atom of it, but had been carried away by the waves; but, as if the angry sea wanted to answer Sylvie's defiance with another defiance more deadly than any she could hurl at it, it had, after ruthlessly playing with the corpse of her lover, like a tiger with its prey, cast it aloft on a ledge of rock, and left it there beyond the reach of the surge; a memorial both of its power and of its vengeance.

"I looked at the poor girl. How could she survive such a moment as this? But she did survive it, and, what is more, that new agony did not conquer her. She looked up from her lover's dead body. At once the talking around her ceased; save for the distant moaning of the still angry sea and the sudden cry of a seagull over our heads—all was still. Sylvie clenched her hands; she fastened her burning eyes on the moving gray line which was receding from us, and in a low voice she uttered the following words, or if you like to call them so, imprecations:

"'Oh! you cruel, greedy, devouring sea! Never—never, till I die, shall my eyes rest upon you again! Never—never!'

"She rose and walked away. This was Sylvie's vengeance. She had been conquered by her enemy, she knew; and yet she could not confess it; but that her foe might not be forever taunting her with her defeat; that in storm it might not remind her of this night's cruel work; that in sunshine and fair weather it might not seem to say: 'Such I could have been for you, and such I would not be:' Sylvie vowed never to gaze on it again till she died."

"You do not mean to say she kept that vow?" I here remarked.

"I mean to say," replied Mrs. Berry, "that while I staid at the Cheval Blanc she kept that vow. She followed her lover to his grave in the little church-yard up on the hill, whence the sea is visible on every side, and she never once raised her eyes from the ground. She came home, she resumed her duties in the kitchen after a day or two, and still she would not look at her enemy. The position of the Cheval Blanc required constant vigilance, but that vigilance Sylvie exercised. I watched her very keenly and very closely; others watched her too; but no one ever found Sylvie in fault. She had her enemies, and I know that some of them were cruel enough to come to the inn to ensnare her into breaking her vow, but Sylvie foiled them all. Nay, more, I believe this girl never once mentioned the word 'sea' after her great woe. Night and day she heard it moan around her dwelling; from morning till night, she had but to raise her eyes in order to see it; but Sylvie was dumb as well as blind, so far as the sea was concerned. She ignored it utterly. There lay a great and deep grief buried under that silence, I have no doubt. As the ocean waves pass calmly over many a lost mariner, so Sylvie's quiet bearing only served to conceal many a dead hope within. Life was over for her now. She had loved twice, and her last venture had not fared better than the first. Sylvie was not the woman to have a third love. That vow of hers was the seal—the grave-stone, if you like—of her youth. I do not mean to say that she doated on Jean. My belief is, she cared very little for him; but, perhaps, because she loved him less, she felt a remorse from which her first bereavement had been free. She had urged him on to his destruction. He might have sailed that night even if she had not spoken; but if she had said a word to detain him, he would have staid. Every one in the village said so, and to me Sylvie seemed to be ever brooding over the dreary remembrance of a great sin. Thus her vow was half atonement and half revenge."

I like character. It is a remnant of the uncivilized times, which vanishes daily, and gets as rare and precious as an old coin. Mrs. Berry's account of this stern, vindictive woman and her vow interested me; and I do believe that, if I had not already been determined to go to the Cheval Blanc, Sylvie would have taken me thither. The incidents of my journey were few and uninteresting, and I reached France, the province, and finally, the little sea-side fishing-town, or village, where the Cheval Blanc and Sylvie were to be found, in safety. When I saw this wild place, buried in the crags—a sort of human eyrie, with the sullen Atlantic forever beating against the rude cliffs 'midst which it is built—it seemed to me that Sylvie's case, and her hatred of her enemy, lost their strangeness. This was the very place for a haughty heart to rebel against those stern and pitiless powers of nature which are ever crushing us with ruthless might, scorning our sorrows and our tears as things of no worth. But how did Sylvie manage not to look at the sea? That puzzled me strangely. It was visible from every house, it seemed to me, and when I reached the Cheval Blanc I doubted if one of the windows of that dwelling could claim exemption from a sea-view. Wherever I turned I saw a broad blue line meeting a paler blue sky.

The landlady came out to receive me. Great were her transports when I said that Mrs. Berry had sent me. Here, alas! or rather, here luckily, was no heroic sternness of character, but a plain, candid love of lucre. How she expatiated on the merits of the place! How sure she was that it could eclipse in time, and of course, with due patronage, all the upstart, worthless, cheating places along the coast! None of them, she solemnly assured me, could compare with this.

"And Sylvie," I said, at length thrusting in a word, "has she looked at the sea?"

I spoke low, for, though a pale, sickly woman stood in the kitchen, and I thought that this was not Sylvie, I did not wish to be overheard. The landlady looked a little confused, and winked two or three times very rapidly, while the woman, raising her downcast eyes, stared at me. That stern, sorrowful look, full of reproach, and not without a sort of angry dignity, told me that this pale, worn creature, who looked fifty if she looked a day, was Mrs. Berry's red-cheeked, stoutly-made servant-girl. I felt ashamed and vexed, and I left the room without saying another word. The landlady followed me out, and was quite voluble and communicative.

"Yes, that is poor Sylvie," she said, with a sigh; "she is dying, says the doctor—heart-complaint, but nothing will make her give in; nothing. She will go on working."

"And she has never looked at the sea?"

"Oh! never. She would die rather than look at it. She is not right there, you know," and Madame tapped her forehead. Ay, there it is; unless you are like your neighbor, "you are not right there." Why, *I* have been told that *I* am not right there! I say it is my neighbor who is wrong in that important part, and who shall prove that it is I?

With feelings rather provoked with that foolish landlady, I dismissed her a little shortly, after ordering a dinner, which the fated hands of Sylvie herself were to prepare.

Up it came ere long; onion-soup such as I had never tasted, an omelet such as I had not imagined in my dreams, were among the items. Sylvie was an admirable cook. Yes; this woman, worthy to be the daughter of the Atridæ, so far as the mere power of hating went, understood cookery in all its niceties. She was a born genius in an art where professors are many and geniuses are rare. If she had brought up the meal herself, I should have proposed to her to leave the Cheval Blanc and come to my inland home. No danger of the sea there; but I dare say that even if, forgetting her complaint, I had been so foolish as to make this proposal, Sylvie would have declined it. Of course she would. She did not want to forget the sea, not she; she wanted to hear it, to remember it constantly, and to hate it on.

I saw very little of her during the first week of my stay. My indiscreet questions had put Sylvie on her guard, and whenever I came near the kitchen she vanished into its deepest and darkest recess. Every afternoon I went out. As I passed by the kitchen one day, I saw that Sylvie was not there. In her stead Josephine attended to the cooking. I asked if Sylvie was ill.

"Very ill," she replied, emphatically, "but she would go all the same."

"Go where?" I naturally inquired.

"To the church-yard. She is having Jean taken up from his grave to put him beside his brother and her father. Her brother was never found."

Here, then, was an opportunity of seeing Sylvie. I climbed up the hill to the church-yard, a poor little place, with many hillocks, a few black wooden crosses, and not one stone slab. The sky was dark and threatening, the far sea was black as ink, the closed church looked lone and gray; very mournful was the aspect of every thing around me. The ceremony, if ceremony it could be called, was half over when I arrived. Four men, wearing scapulars, and belonging to a brotherhood that binds itself to such duties, had taken up the coffin, and were bearing it to another grave at the end of the church-yard. A woman in a black cloak, with the hood drawn over her head and face—this is a sign of mourning—followed them slowly. Suddenly one of the dark clouds over us broke, and it began to rain heavily. Sylvie stopped, unfastened her cloak, and, with a strange look of tenderness in her sunken eyes, she flung it over the bare coffin, so that the rain should not reach it. Oh! Jean, if you had not been loved in life, you surely were loved in death! The men hastened on. The coffin was quickly lowered in the grave, the earth shoveled in, and Sylvie stood by till she was drenched. I took shelter under the church-porch. When all was over she passed by me with her wet cloak on her arm, and her eyes bent on the earth. I heard her say to one of the brethren:

"You are sure there is room for another coffin?"

"Yes, yes, a plenty of room," he answered, a little roughly; he was a fisherman, I believe, and not much used to gentle speech. "There is not so much of you now," he added.

Poor Sylvie! There was not much of her, indeed, nor did that little last long.

Her exposure to the rain may have served to hasten her inevitable end. Three days after this Josephine burst into tears as she laid the cloth for my dinner. Sylvie had had a fainting fit and been taken to her room, and the doctor had said that she was dying. I could believe it. I had caught a glimpse of Sylvie that morning, and if ever death were written on a human face, it was written upon hers. The girl left me, but I let my dinner get cold. Through the open window I saw a smiling blue sea. "Poor Sylvie," I thought, "your enemy, as you call it, was too much for you, after all. It broke your heart, and what does it care for your poor human anger! Better have looked at it, Sylvie, and blessed the Hand that chasteneth in its mercy, than have hated the poor unconscious instrument of your woe."

When I went out for my walk on the beach, after dinner, I asked how Sylvie was. The landlady shook her head: "Sylvie was very bad indeed."

What was this girl to me that her fate should make me sad? And yet it did. We all, if the truth were known, have played and lost in the great game of life. Some lose love, and some lose health, and some—worse fate of all—lose innocence. So, whatever our loss may be, we are sure to be akin if we will but look back on the past. In my youth I too had had a sad story, very different from this Sylvie's, but still a sad story enough, and I too had ventured and lost. So my heart yearned, whether I liked it or no, to this poor fellow-sufferer of mine. Wherever I turned I still thought of her. On that ledge of rock Jean had been found. His grave lay up there on the hill; I had seen it this very morning, with a faded wreath of garden flowers placed upon it by a hand that would soon be nerveless and still; and, as there is no interest like the human interest, I looked carelessly at the glorious sunset I had come out to see. Purple clouds, on which the sun rode like a conqueror, waves of molten gold or liquid emerald, all the splendor and pageantry of nature were nothing to me then, nothing so much as the mystery of a stern, though obscure, woman's heart. Would Sylvie look at the sea as she had said she would when she was dying? Above all, would she forgive it, or would she die with the stain of that unchristian wrath on her soul?

When I went back to the inn I found Josephine crying in the kitchen.

"Is Sylvie dead?" I asked, struck with the solemn silence of the house.

"No," she sobbed, "but they are going to undo the shutters."

This requires explanation. When Sylvie took her vow she caused the shutters in her room to be nailed up, for as her window faced the sea she would not trust any of the usual fastenings. A gust of wind might open them and betray her. And now Sylvie, knowing that her hour was at hand, had asked for her shutters to be undone, that she might see her enemy before she died, I suppose. I knew where her room was. Often had that sternly-closed window, when I saw it outside, told me the story of a mind darkened by affliction with the blackness of a voluntary night. I stole up stairs very softly; Sylvie's door was open, a group stood around the chair in which she sat propped up by pillows. How ghastly pale she looked in the gray light! No one spoke, but a man on a ladder outside was already hammering and wrenching out the nails which fastened the shutters. Every blow of his tools sounded to me like a knell. How sure Sylvie must be that she was dying! Presently the last fastening gave way, the two shutters were slowly folded back, and the open window framed a divine picture: a beetling crag, a vastness of blue sky, a glowing horizon, and the infinite expanse of a deep azure sea breaking softly on a quiet shore. Sylvie started up; her pale cheeks flushed; she clasped her hands; she gave the sea she had so loved, so feared, so hated a long, passionate look, then, without uttering one word, she sank back and died.

"Well, Josephine," I said to the girl, the next morning, "did Sylvie forgive the sea, do you think?"

"Sylvie died like a Christian, monsieur," rather tartly answered the girl, "and Christians must forgive their enemies."

"Very true; but did Sylvie forgive that enemy?"

"I do not know, monsieur; it was her business, not mine," dryly retorted Josephine; "besides," she thoughtfully added, "if she did hate the sea, poor thing, it was as we hate, or ought to hate, the Evil One, you know."

Was it so? Was Sylvie's a moral hate, if I may so speak, misplaced and mistaken in its object, but not unjustifiable in its source? To say the truth, reader, I fear not. I fear there were dark depths in that woman's soul, depths which she herself had never sounded. I fear that hers was not the abhorrence of evil, but the rebellion of a stern pride against pitiless strength. I fear it, but, remembering the deep religious faith of her race, I also hope that she repented of her sin, and that Heaven has had mercy on one who suffered much and died of her grief.

They buried her the next day near Jean. There she sleeps, with the waves ever breaking and roaring at the foot of the cliff on which stands the little church with its dead around it.

WANDERING WILLIE.

WILLIE went out one morning
  The first of the sun to see;
He heard a rivulet laughing,
  "I follow you home," said he.
The river had run for a thousand years,
  Willie had lived for three.

Down by the singing river
  The rushes had made their bed;
"'Tis me to be king of the castle,"
  Said Will, with a haughty head.
He shouldered a reed as a sentry's gun,
  Pacing with martial tread.

Old mother sheep was feeding—
  "What brings him, that boy, this way?"
She slowly came after Willie,
  The warrior edged away;
The one that was dumb was in earnest then,
  Neither enjoyed the play.

"This is the giant," said Willie,
  "And I am the valiant knight;
If only he would not come quite so close,
  I think I should like to fight."
The sheep followed closer, and closer yet,
  Willie grew white with fright.

Over the hedge went Willie,
  And into the ditch fell he;
The ground it was soft, and no limb was scarred,
  Save only one dimpled knee.
"This is the mortal combat,
  And I am the slain," said he.

"Carry me home, ye maidens,"
  As nurse with a frown appears.
"I am a weary pilgrim,
  Lost for a hundred years."
"Moments," said nurse, serenely;
  She may have had private fears.
"Nobody missed me!" cried Willie,
  The hero dissolved in tears.

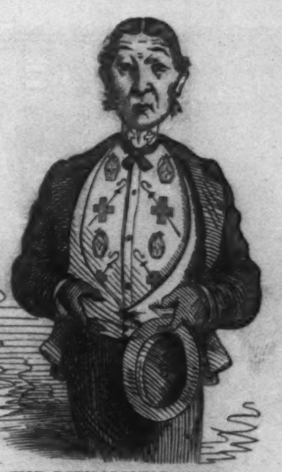
HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY should an order for the new bottoming of a pair of boots be treated with reverence?—Because it's a sole 'em affair.

On a recent occasion one of our friends was coming down from Albany, and it appeared—as luck would have it—that there sat opposite to him, in the cars, a gentleman with remarkably long legs, which he was not very particular about digging into our friend's knees. On the arrival of the train at Sing Sing, the long-legged man observed to his neighbor, "I shall get out here, and stretch my legs a bit, as we wait ten minutes." "For goodness sake, Sir, don't do that!" said our friend, "for I am quite sure they are too long by half already."

"My friend," said a seedy person to an acquaintance at the ferry, "I wish you would loan me two quarters to cross the ferry; I hain't got a dollar in the world." "Well, I would like to know," was the reply, "what difference it makes to a man who hasn't got a dollar in the world which side of the river he is on?"

NOTICE OF MOTION—The railway whistle!



THE RITUALISTIC SHIRT.
A Sweet Thing for the Laity.

A VERY SMALL BOY'S COMPOSITION—SUBJECT, "GIRLS."

I don't like girls. Girls is different from what boys is. Girls don't play marbles, and also don't play hookey. I played hookey once, and got whipped for it. Girls sometimes gets whipped, but not so much as boys; their clothes ain't so well suited for it: that is the reason, I suppose. I never sees girls play base-ball, but they say they do in Boston. There is plenty of girls in Boston and big organs. Last year, when I was young, the teacher made me set with the girls because I was naughty. I cried. Big boys like girls better than little boys. I went on a sleigh-ride one night with my sister Nancy and Tom Sykes. We were going to New Hartford, and when we got up by Pegg's tavern, Tom asked me to look in the bottom of the sleigh for his whip; while I was looking he fired off a torpedo. I asked him if he had any more torpedoes, and he said no, but he fired off another when I wasn't looking. Girls don't like to have men kiss them: they always say "don't." If they wasn't fools they would turn their heads the other way, but they never do that. I saw Tom kiss Nancy once, and I went and told my mother. Then my mother put me to bed. When a girl takes out her handkerchief in the street to wipe her nose the young men who earn their living by standing in front of the Pine block always wipe their noses at the same time if they see her. Girls get married sometimes, but not always. Those that don't get married don't want to. When they get married they have a wedding-cake. I like wedding-cake, but I do not see any fun in getting married, especially to a girl.

A STAMP ACT—Treading upon people's toes.

An advertisement of cheap shoes in a country paper has the following *nota bene:* "Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they won't last long."

RAILWAY BONDS—Coupling irons.

SPECIAL REPORTERS—Signal-guns.

TO A LADY WHO KISSED HER HAND TO ME.

Such kisses have no taste: I own
They leave me cold as any stone;
Kisses are fruit which worthless be
Unless we pluck them from the tree.

An eloquent orator proposes to "grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of our Western prairies." We fear the machinery will break before the fabric is through the loom.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

To remove freckles, cut them out with a razor and throw them away. They will never return.

To bring out a mustache, tie it to a strong cord, twenty feet long, to the other end of which attach a heavy smoothing-iron, and throw the latter from a fourth story window.

To produce a fair complexion, go to sea in a crazy old boat, and the first gale you get into your face will become white.

To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.

To preserve your eyes, put them in a bottle filled with alcohol.

To avoid corpulence, quit eating.

To conceal bad teeth, keep your mouth shut.

To keep out of debt, acquire the reputation of a rascal, and no one will trust you.

To become a complete book-keeper, borrow all the books you can and never return them.

To keep your doors from being broken open by burglars, don't close them.

To keep out of a fight, stay by yourself.

To gain time, steal a watch.

To keep from stuttering, don't talk.

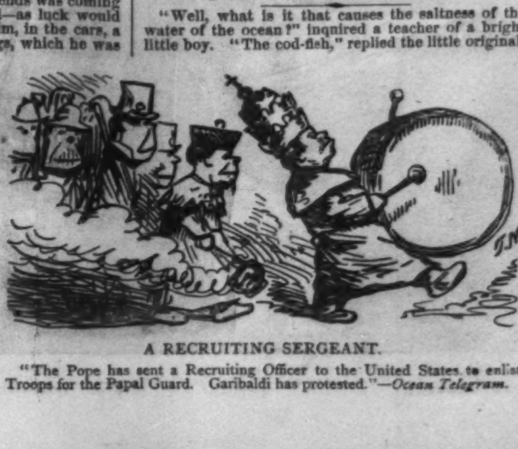
Mrs. Heavysides, getting into an omnibus the other day, heard a disagreeable old bachelor make the grumbling remark: "Omnibuses were not made for elephants." To this she replied: "Sir, omnibuses are like Noah's ark, intended to carry all sorts of beasts."

A clergyman, in the course of a sermon, recently remarked: "You need not clasp your hands so fervently in prayer that you can't get them open when the contribution-box comes round."

The following squib, which appeared in the *London Magazine* for 1777, does not come very wide of the mark at the present day:

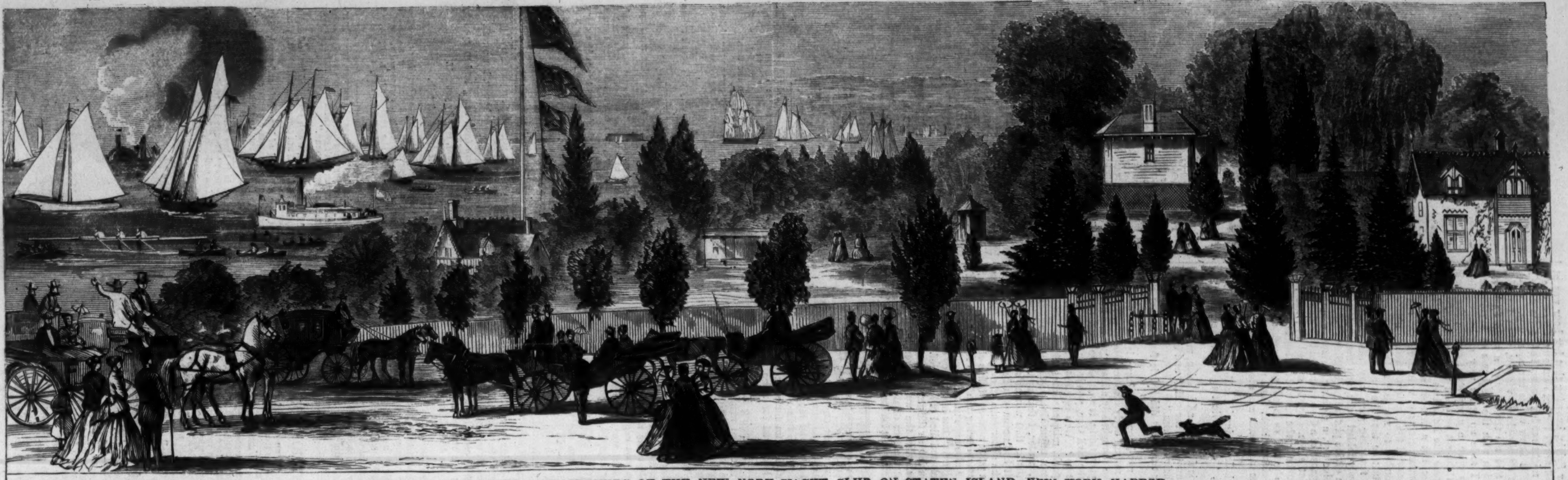
"Give Chloe a bushel of horse-hair and wool,
  Of paste and pomatum a pound:
Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
  And gauze to encompass it round."

"Well, what is it that causes the saltness of the water of the ocean?" inquired a teacher of a bright little boy. "The cod-fish," replied the little original.

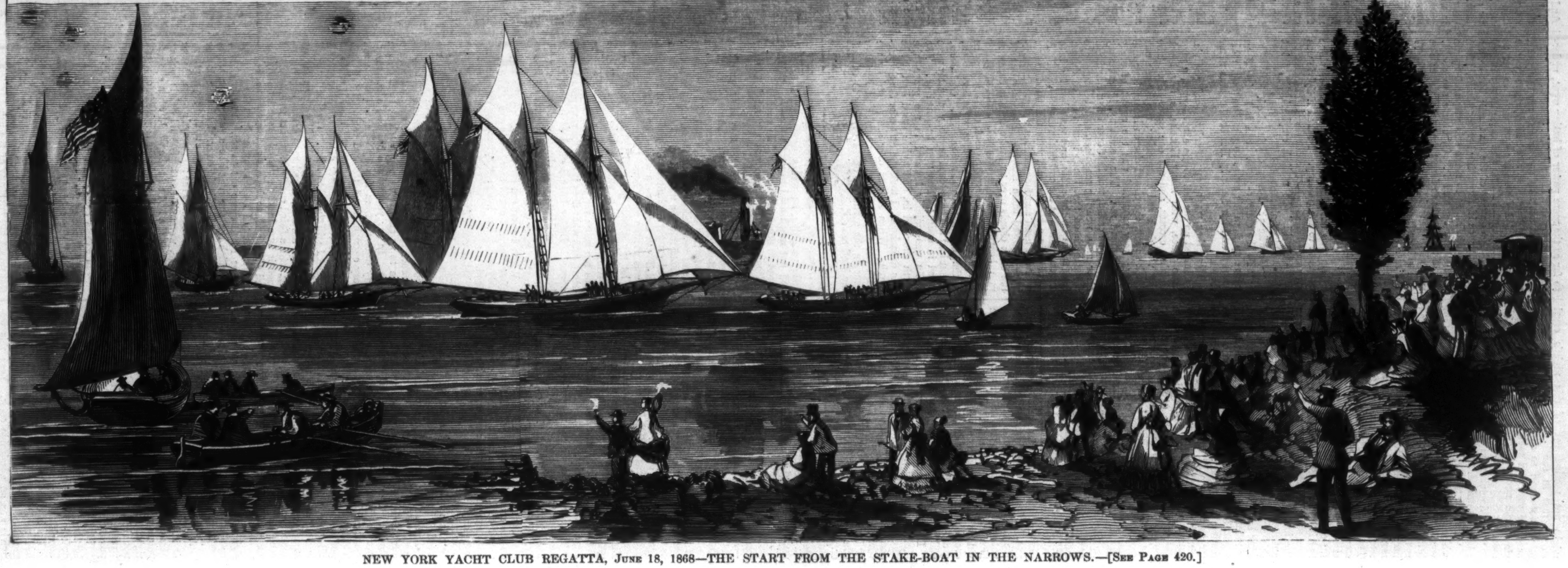


A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

"The Pope has sent a Recruiting Officer to the United States to enlist Troops for the Papal Guard. Garibaldi has protested."—*Ocean Telegram.*



THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE AND GROUNDS OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB ON STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.



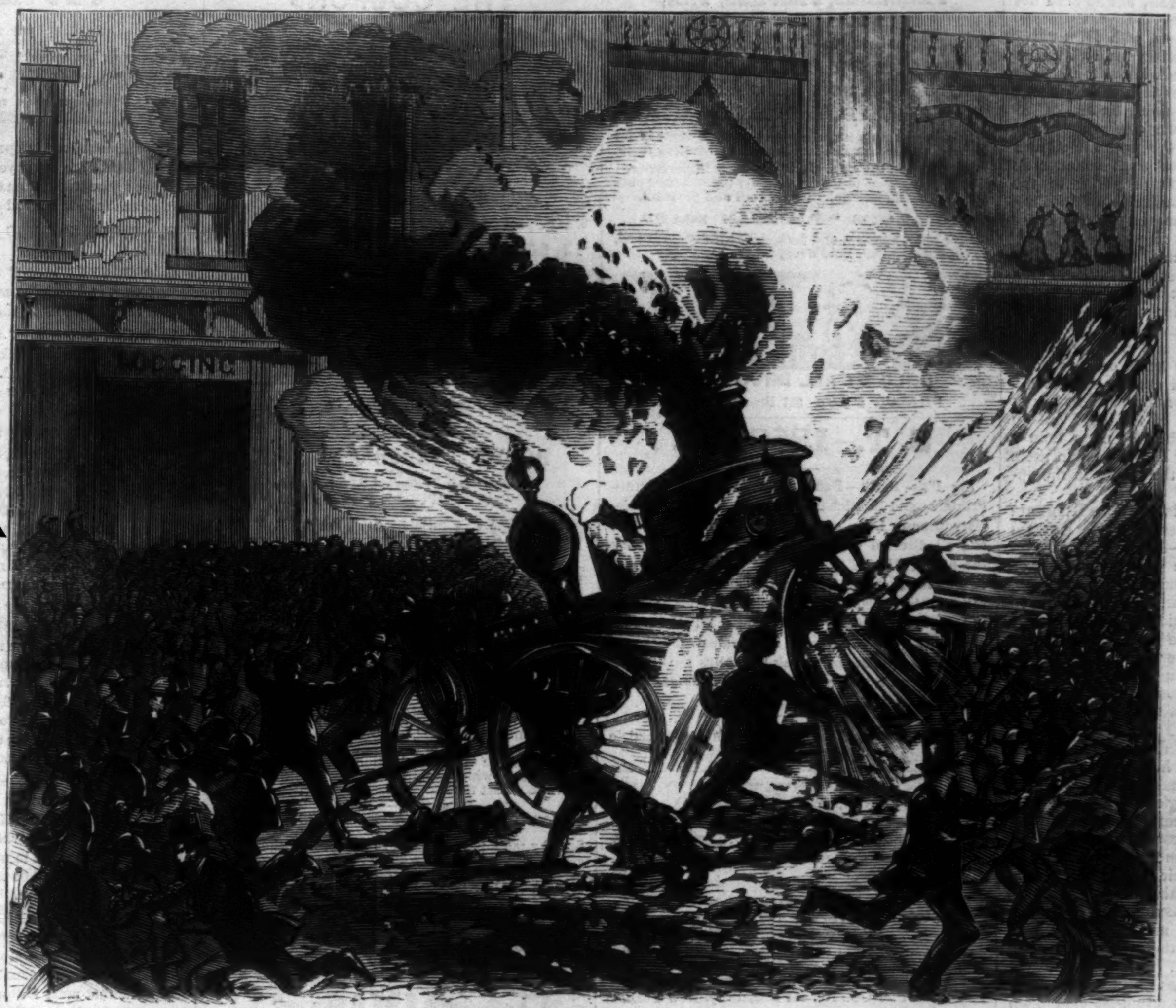
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA, June 18, 1868—THE START FROM THE STAKE-BOAT IN THE NARROWS.—[See Page 420.]

FIRE-ENGINE EXPLOSION.

For the second time in the history of steam fire-engines—now twelve or fifteen years old—an explosion has occurred. The first took place in Cincinnati several years ago, and was attended with severe loss of life. The second occurred in New York, with equally disastrous effect. We give on this page an illustration of the latter casualty.

At nine o'clock on the evening of June 18 a fire was discovered in the top floor of No. 53 Bowery, nearly opposite the Old Bowery Theatre; and among the several steam-engines which hurried to the spot was that of Company No. 1, the first steam-engine built for New York. The fire was soon extinguished, and the Company was under orders "to take up" the hose, preparatory to returning to the engine-house, when a most terrible explosion occurred. At the same moment an act of the performance at the Old Bowery Theatre had just concluded, and a crowd of men and boys poured out of the theatre upon the sidewalk and very near to the engine. The explosion was frightful in its effect. The huge machine was lifted as by a giant hand clear from the street, poised an instant in mid-air, then sent with terrible force, crushing and crushed, upon the sidewalk. Masses of iron, grate-bars, and pieces of rods were torn from the frame-work and hurled through the crowd of human beings, being thrown in some instances a distance of one hundred feet. The steam from the rent boiler seethed and scalded its way through the dense mass of humanity at the same moment, and with both the scalding steam and the mangling iron came the terrible noise of the explosion, as it shook the neighboring houses, and with it that still more awful sound, the shrieks of human agony. Our engraving represents the scene at this moment.

The disaster resulted in the instantaneous death of four persons, and the wounding of twenty-three others, one of whom died soon after reaching the hospital, and others are supposed to be fatally injured.



EXPLOSION OF A STEAM FIRE-ENGINE IN THE BOWERY, NEW YORK, June 18, 1868.

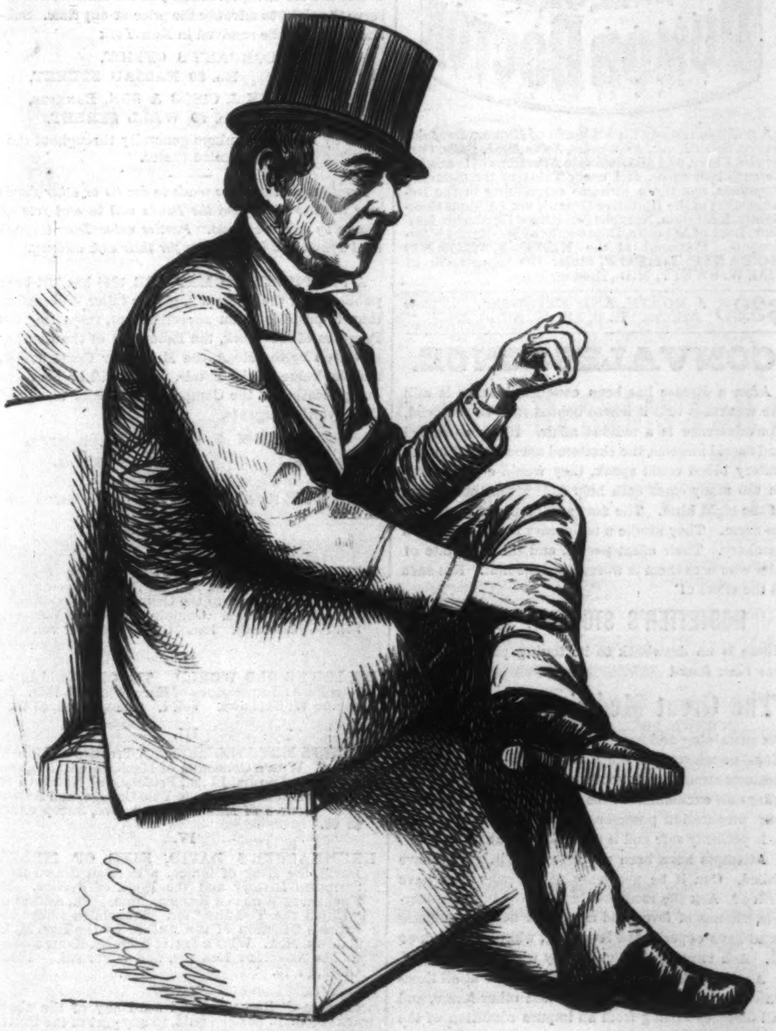
DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.

The photograph frequently lies; it is never absolutely true. Every artist knows that only flat surfaces can be represented by the photograph with perfect fidelity, and that every protuberance is exaggerated in size. In a portrait, therefore, the nose must appear larger than it ought, and all other prominences will be proportionally exaggerated. Apart from this exaggeration, there is a still more important falsehood. The expression of the face is true only for that moment which is fixed upon for its representation, and is consequently false to every other moment of that face's infinitely varied symbolism. Hence portrait-painting has, notwithstanding its greater expense, survived photography. Hence, too, it frequently happens that character-sketches give a far truer representation of the countenance than the best photographs. Even the caricatures in *Punch* of the portraits of British statesmen give us more faithful pictures than the sun can make, for their exaggeration is not artificial, but gives prominence to characteristic features. Pictorial, like dramatic representation, demands this exaggeration in order to fidelity, because it is only *representation*, and needs this help to make it as effective as the reality.

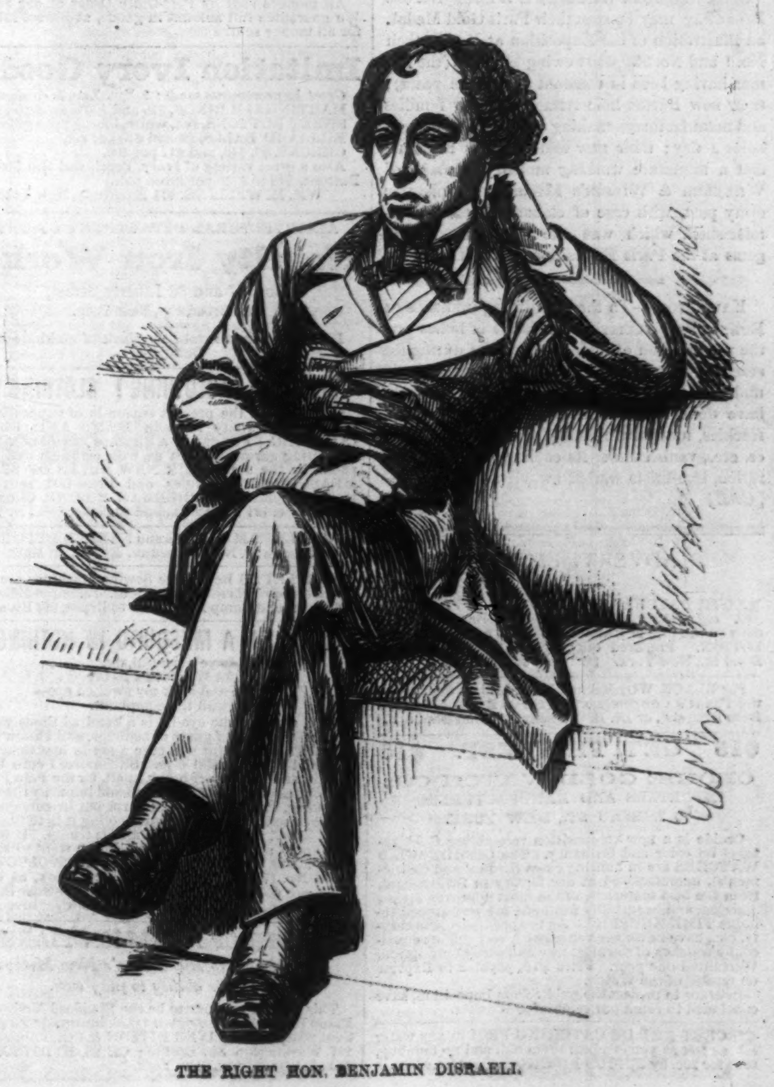
The accompanying portraits of **Disraeli** and **Gladstone** are character-sketches, and illustrate what we have just said. They are not so much exaggerated as the portraits in *Punch*, and yet sufficiently so to bring before us the living men. The dress, the pose, and the cast of the countenances, all tend to this one effect, and the semblance to reality so strongly affects us that we forget that it is only a semblance after all.

There are in Great Britain no other two men whose portraits, thus produced, would interest our readers equally with these. They are the leading antagonists, not simply in the struggle of two great parties for power, but in one of the mightiest conflicts which ever agitated the minds and hearts of Englishmen.

These men are as different as the artist has in these portraits represented them. They belong to different races; while **Gladstone** was at Oxford, **Disraeli** was a wandering Jew in Syria, without wealth or position. Their education and experience have been alike diverse. In **Gladstone** we remark at once the ease of the polished scholar, and the practical, far-seeing sagacity of the earnest and accomplished statesman. To this man, we feel, success came readily; wealth and influence were for him secure at the outset, and to win the highest honors he needed only to be industrious, patient, and faithful, on the one hand, to his conservative instincts, and on the other, to his liberal reason and mature convic-



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.



THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

tions. He might have to wait, but he need not strive.

How different has it been with **Disraeli**? Greater in genius than **Gladstone**, and with a consciousness of his greatness, his victories have all been won against tremendous odds, wrested from the hands of reluctant fate. In his "Coningsby" he pictured his own destiny: "'The greatness of this city destroys my misery,' said Coningsby, 'and my genius shall conquer its greatness.' This conviction of power in the midst of despair was a revelation of intrinsic strength. It is indeed the test of a creative spirit. From that moment all petty fears for an ordinary future quitted him. He felt that he must be prepared for great sacrifices, for infinite sufferings; that there must devolve on him the bitter inheritance of obscurity, envy, and hatred, vulgar prejudice, base criticism, petty hostilities; but the dawn would break and the hour arrive when the welcome morning hymn of his success and his fame would sound and be re-echoed." **Disraeli** had mighty aspirations, and he has at length gained the summit of the hard hill up which he had been climbing for more than a score of years. How long he will remain there rests upon the decision of the people in the approaching election.

With all his impassioned inspirations **Disraeli** scarcely ever loses his temper, and is not excelled in courtesy and urbanity—certainly not by his great rival, who, from the very earnestness of his feeling, is sometimes hot-headed and rash. **Gladstone** rests all his chances for success upon the sincerity of his convictions, **Disraeli** upon his conscious power. The former, in the face of defeat, retires; the latter, not so scrupulous in his use of instrumentalities, gives up the field only after he has wielded every available weapon and thoroughly searched every weak spot in the armor of his foe. To-day **Disraeli** will predict revolution as the result of the policy of his antagonists, and to-morrow he will willingly use sedition for the accomplishment of his own ends. **Gladstone** thinks of England, **Disraeli** only of himself. And it is a curious feature in the present conflict between these two men—between the strongest party leader and the greatest statesman of England—that their former positions in regard to the Church Establishment have been exactly reversed. **Gladstone**, hitherto the ablest defender of Church and State, now aims with one blow to destroy that establishment in Ireland, while **Disraeli**, who formerly denounced the Irish Church as an injustice to Ireland, has now become its strongest champion. This fact is significant. **Disraeli**, on partisan grounds, advocates the perpetuation of what he knows to be an outrage upon Ireland, while **Gladstone** would have justice done in spite of any injurious effect which might ensue to that alliance between the Church and State of which he has always been an advocate. **Gladstone** obliterates his own prejudices when justice demands and opportunity favors reform, while **Disraeli** stands ready to use any prejudice—even one which he has never adopted as his own—for the advancement of his selfish designs.

In the window of **Wheeler & Wilson**, No. 625 Broadway, may be seen their Paris Gold Medal, an illustration of the Exposition at Paris; their No. 1 and No. 300,000 Sewing Machine (the former having been in constant use fifteen years); their new Button-hole Attachment, for families and manufacturers, making one thousand button-holes a day; their new and noiseless machine, and a miniature working model, *fac simile* of **Wheeler & Wilson's** Machine, complete in every part, with case of elaborately carved tortoise-shell, which was one of the mechanical gems at the Paris Exposition.—[*Mail.*]

Kalliston.—To the beautifying influence of **Burnett's Kalliston** thousands of ladies owe the preservation of their complexions during the season. Apply it in the evening, and it will undo all the mischief the wind and sun may have done to the skin during the day. Tan, freckles, morphew, redness, prickly-heat, blotches, etc., vanish under its cooling, purifying operation, like mists wafted away by the breeze.—[*Com.*]

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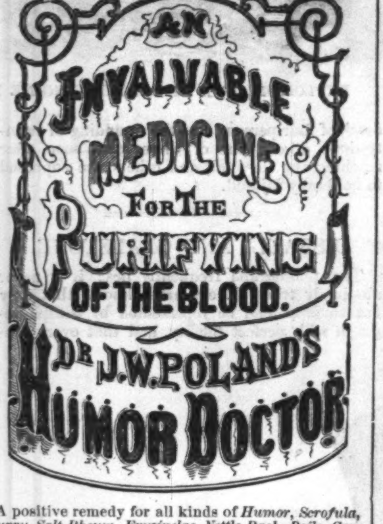

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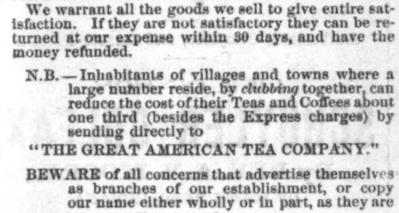

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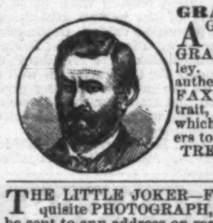

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